



*FAITH'S
JEWELS*

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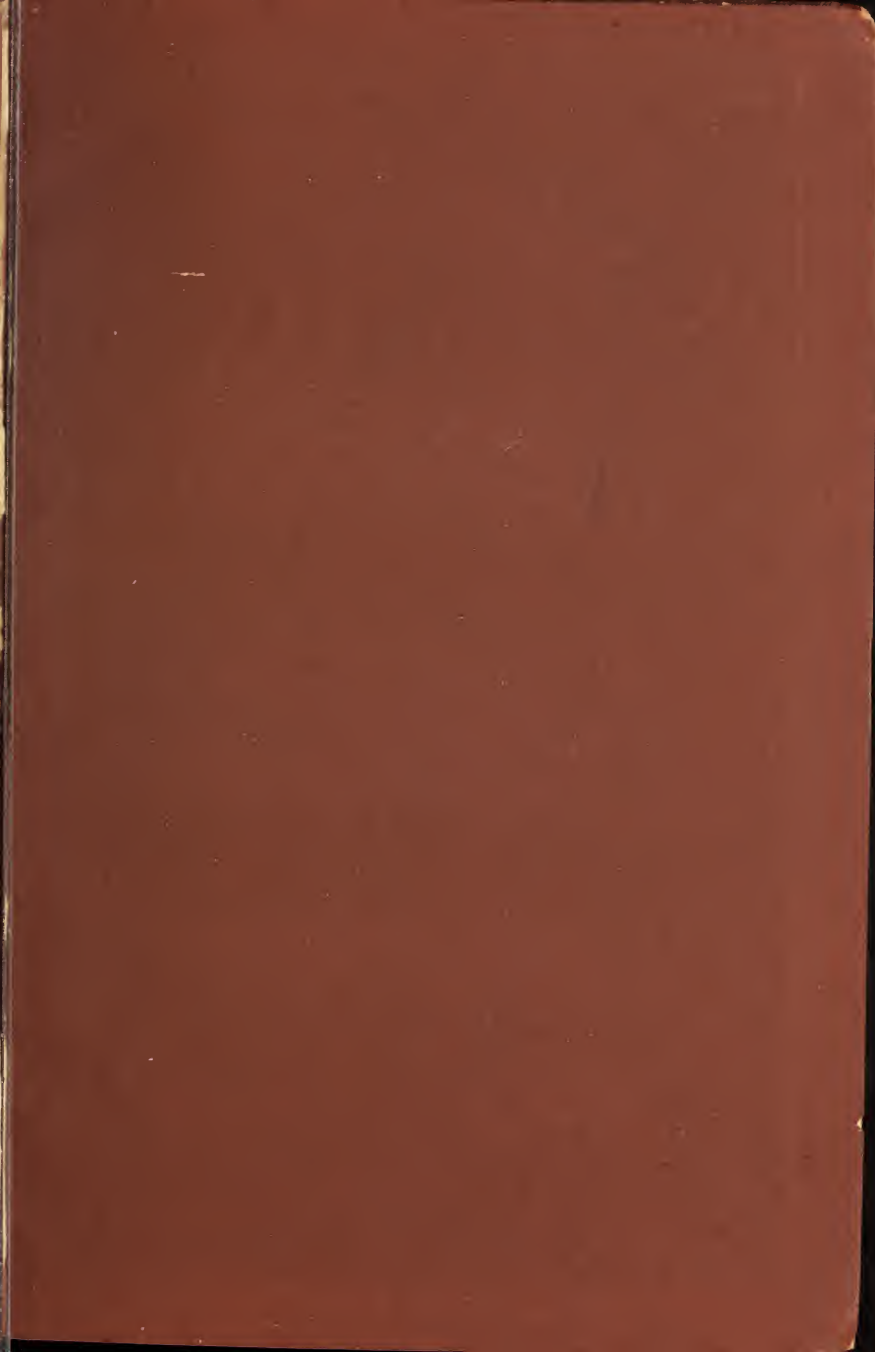
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FAITH'S JEWELS

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FOR

EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS.

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FAITH'S JEWELS



PRESENTED IN VERSE

WITH OTHER DEVOUT VERSES

William Penney

BY LORD KINLOCH



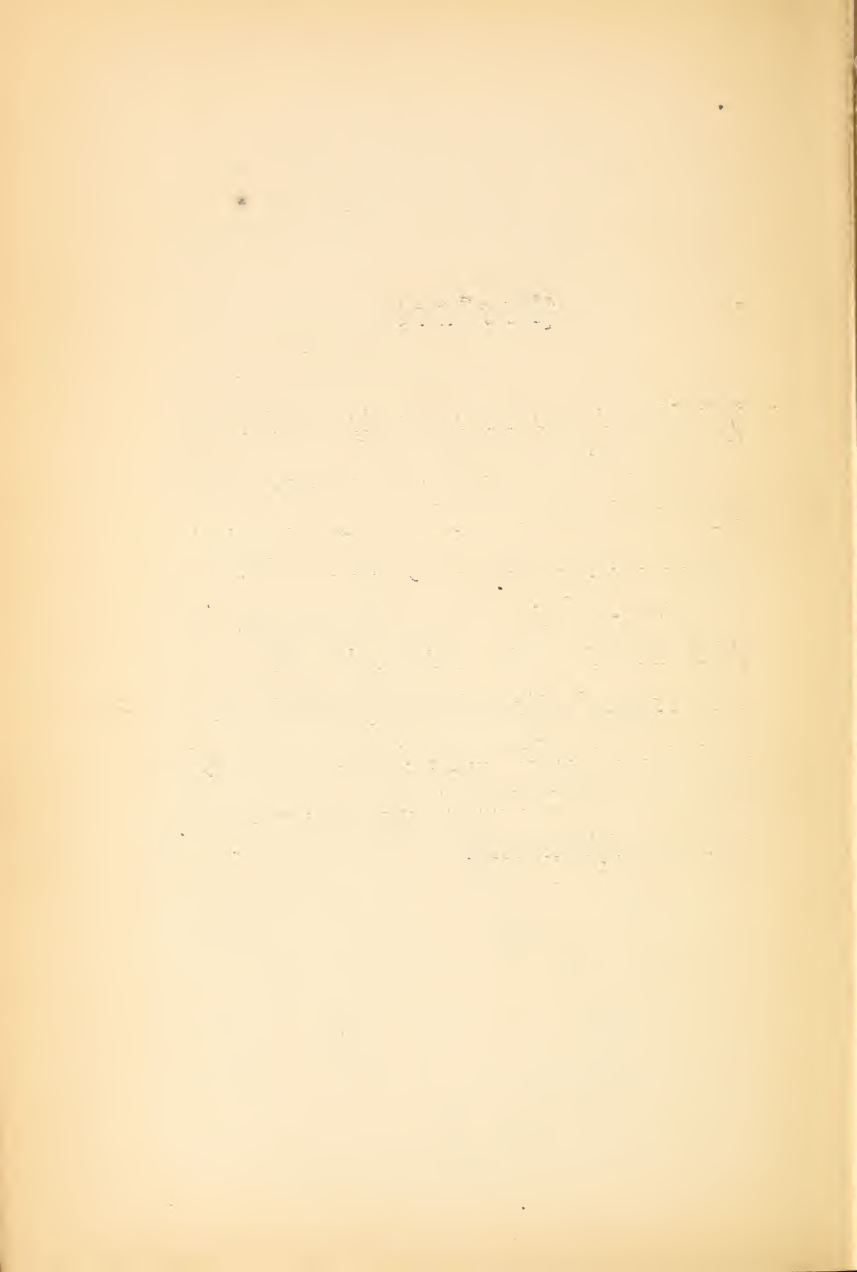
EDINBURGH
EDMONSTON AND DOUGLAS

1869



Preface.

THERE are some of the Christian's possessions, to which, not unaptly, may be given the name of *Jewels of the Faith*. I venture to present some of these as it were in a new setting. I have endeavoured, in spirit and tone, to match with these the other verses in the volume; of which, perhaps, one or other may, to use words of George Herbert, 'turn to the advantage of some poor dejected soul.'



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FAITH'S JEWELS.



The Lord's Prayer.

1839.

Introduction.

WISELY, O Saviour, didst thou frame
The prayer to which is given thy name ;
Adapted childhood's faith to teach,
Yet rising high as manhood's reach.

'Tis short, for minds distraction haunts,
Yet comprehensive as our wants ;
'Tis simple, for the general throng,
And yet sublime as angel's song.

For prayer a model given by grace,
It yields to God the foremost place ;
Then all which earth should ask displays ;
And ends, as prayer should end, with praise.

The Lord's Prayer.

Nor least its virtue to avail,
When nature's prayers through weakness fail :
The faith, which dark and silent lies,
Christ with the needful words supplies.

I stood beside the dying bed
Of one, who long my light had shed ;
And the last sob poor nature knows
Called me the eyes I loved to close.

Upwards I fain a prayer would send,
But none I into shape could bend ;
God I could nor beseech, nor thank ;
The soul was all one dreary blank.

On the parched lips, with anguish dumb,
I found no other words would come,
Save those of Christ's own simple prayer,
Fixed with my earliest language there.

I said the prayer with childlike heart,
And felt my agony depart ;
Then paid the duties which I owed,
With strength as if from heaven bestowed.

I seemed the little child to be,
Who bends beside a father's knee,
And lisps his childlike prayer ; and then
Springs to his father's heart again.

Our Father in Heaven.

'TIS not, O God, because thou tak'st
Tow'rds me a Father's name,
And all the steadfast trust awak'st,
An earthly sire could claim :

Nor yet because in heaven thou art,
Where power and grace reside,
Yielding assurance to my heart,
Of all my needs supplied :

'Tis not from this, that, when I use
The words my Saviour taught,
Soft balm they in my heart diffuse :
'Tis through an added thought.

'Tis that the language of the prayer
Confines it not to me ;
But brings, as fellow-suppliants there,
All who thy children be.

By many loved ones, now in bliss,
That name to thee is given :
To these, in truest sense, it is
Thou Father art in heaven.

I deem that, as in joy they bask,
They use the old sweet phrase :

The Lord's Prayer.

And love, which hath no more to ask,
Thinks o'er the prayer for praise.

Dear ones on earth, both far and nigh,
I call with these to mind ;
And knit the severed family,
Morning and evening joined.

Round me are all the prayer who said,
With me in bygone day :
Some, who have in its armour sped ;
Some, who were loth to pray.

Up from the group the old sweet prayer
Seems, in home sounds, to rise :
And those who might be silent there,
My faith with voice supplies.

So, when with Christ's own words I go,
Duly to bend the knee,
All whom I love, above, below,
That prayer unites with me.

Hallowed be Thy Name.

THY name contains thine essence, O Most High ;
'Jehovah' tells thy being, void of cause ;
'God,' that alone thou'rt good, gives to descry ;
'Lord,' speaks thy kingly power, and righteous laws.

Thy name to hallow is thyself to praise ;
And, whilst I pray thy name may hallowed prove,
My soul its homage to thy throne conveys,
Bending on earth, with those who bend above.

Yet more there lies within the prayer expressed,
Than brings thy princely majesty its due :
A thought, to human tenderness addressed,
Yields e'en to common speech devotion's hue.

We think how much of reverence e'en the name,
Borne by an earthly friend, hath power to raise ;
And may not God the largest measure claim,
Of meed which love to meaner objects pays ?

E'en as the name of earthly friend revered
No reckless talk, nor idle jest profanes ;
So God's high name, by God's rich grace endeared,
A sweet calm awe, and silent blessing gains.

E'en as the words a dying friend hath breathed,
Back with his name in holy power are brought,
The prayer by thee, O dying Lord, bequeathed,
Blent with thy name, hallows each suppliant thought.

Thy Kingdom Come.

‘**T**HY kingdom come ;’
The prayer which here I send,
I'd cause to centre, Lord, at home,
Yet wide as space extend.

The Lord's Prayer.

First, in this heart
 Make thyself sovereign known ;
 Resume in me thy rightful part,
 And take thy lawful throne.

Next, those I love
 Subjects be made to thee ;
 Round me, where'er my home may prove,
 None but God's people be.

My native land
 All 'neath thy sway be thrown ;
 Hold the Queen's heart in thy right hand ;
 The nation call thine own.

Then wider still
 The growing circle spread ;
 Till the whole world thy kingdom fill,
 As the sea fills her bed.

Last, if one spot
 Be in yon starry dome,
 Where yet thy kingdom, Lord, is not,
 There may thy kingdom come.

Thy Will be Done.

'**T**HY will be done in earth, as done in heaven ;'
 I've sent from infancy these words on high ;

But grief to these hath deeper meaning given,
And caused the prayer a keener sense supply.

I think on thee, beloved one, who hast hied
From this poor earth, where long with me thou
spedd'st ;

And how, in yon bright sky, with Christ for guide,
In pure right path unswervingly thou tread'st.

Of thee I think, who in this heart inspir'dst
The needful glow of duty, when it waned ;
And how the holiness thou here desir'dst,
Yet griev'dst thou didst not reach, is all attained.

And now I pray (oh how much zeal is won
E'en from a single thought which draws to thee !)
That, as in heaven by thee God's will is done,
E'en thus on earth it may be done by me.

Daily Bread.

THOU, Lord, in double world of love,
For man like father car'st :
Who not alone his weal above,
But welfare here prepar'st.

Thou know'st how much of woe is wrought,
When want at hand we dread ;
And tenderly a prayer hast taught,
Which asks for daily bread.

I'd make the prayer its true intent
Home to my heart convey ;
And feel my portion best is sent,
When coming day by day.

I would not wish for wealth so great,
As e'en from thought to free ;
But deem 'tis still the better fate,
Which daily brings to thee.

Each day I'd find recurring needs
Place thee, my Saviour, nigh ;
And nurture which the body feeds,
Food to the soul supply.

I'd cause the prayer, which speaks my wants,
Also my trust declare :
And each fresh boon my Father grants,
A pledge of more to bear.

Thanks also in the prayer I'd blend ;
And, when at eve 'tis said,
I'd own, as sent by faithful friend,
Once more, my daily bread.

So, whilst the mercy which provides,
Day after day, I trace,
My daily bread will bring, besides,
Relish of daily grace.

Trespases Forgiven.

MATTHEW VI. 12, compared with MARK XI. 25.—*And when ye stand praying, forgive if ye have ought against any.*

I VIEW not, Lord, the lessons of thy grace,
Standing in unconnected place ;
But read each passage in thy book revered,
As by thy comment elsewhere cleared.

Whilst from thy prayer, O Saviour, flows the task
To give the pardon which we ask,
Elsewhere thou bidd'st the prayer its general sense
Turn into feeling more intense.

Thou bidd'st us, as we pray, direct our thought
To those 'gainst whom we then have ought ;
And, full in view bearing the case of each,
Dispense the pardon we beseech.

I speak the words, and clear before me set
That one who owes a present debt ;
And whilst I crave myself were set at large,
Send him, through thee, a full discharge.

Yet, striving thus thy precept to fulfil,
I fear God's righteous judgment still ;
And more require than duty's ill done part,
To yield assurance to my heart.

Needful my soul one other thought should gain,
 More than I see thy prayer contain ;
 Though there, perchance, 'tis not expressed, because
 'Tis felt implied in every clause.

I venture not thy precious words to change ;
 But give the mind a wider range :
 And whilst this prayer, ' Forgive our debts,' I raise,
 Add, ' For Christ's sake,' as inward phrase.

Deliverance from Evil.

WELL hath experience, Lord, discerned
 How soon temptation's power prevails ;
 And weakness, by its falls, hath learned
 To shun the scenes where sin assails.

Whilst others, strong in faith, may strive
 Against the foe with conquering might,
 I, in whom grace is scarce alive,
 Am not in state to dare the fight.

Thou never tempt'st, O Lord, to sin ;
 Yet ofttimes, where thy guidance leads,
 Some evil passion wakes within,
 Which sin from very duty breeds.

O thou, who best my weakness know'st,
 Vouchsafe my path to order so,

That, where I'd faint, or stray, the most,
There I may find least cause to go.

Yet sin and woe so wide are spread,
Grace must, to yield its boon complete,
Give both defence 'gainst ills we dread,
And rescue, too, from those we meet.

Therefore, the words by Jesus taught
A prayer for either need afford ;
'Into temptation lead us not ;'
'Deliver us from evil, Lord.'

The words, with heart intent, I say,
When, as each morning wakes to care,
I count the perils of the day,
And each embody in the prayer.

But not less meet the prayer to rise,
As eve for sleep mine eyelids folds ;
For e'en in dreams temptation lies,
And darkness many dangers holds.

Ne'er can I from the prayer omit
A single word my Saviour chose ;
Its every clause alike is fit
The day to open and to close.

The Doxology.

*'For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory,
for ever and ever. Amen.'*

LET not devotion find its close,
Till nearer heaven thy soul it raise ;
And thoughts, which first as prayer arose,
Float gently upwards into praise.
The grace, which from thy Father flowed,
Ascend in glory to thy God.

Thine is the kingdom, Lord ; thy sway
Extends o'er earth, and air, and sky :
Thy saints as subjects thee obey ;
Thine angels as thine envoys fly :
E'en like some distant, barren part,
Thy kingdom comprehends this heart.

Thine is the power ; for nature's laws
Are all exertions of thy might :
Thy will to each effect is cause :
Thy word creation's dawn or night.
Mine aim achieved, my duty done,
Was but thy strength, by childhood won.

Thine is the glory, Lord ; for nought
Betides, but loud thy praise proclaims :
All is to thee with honour fraught,
E'en when poor man it grieves and shames.

Glory to God ! I heavenward breathe,
Prostrate the Godhead's Cross beneath.

Not for this prayer's brief moments, Lord,
Alone endures the adoring strain ;
Though fitfully on earth 'tis poured,
Thy saints above the song maintain :
And speak, with loftier note than mine,
The kingdom, power, and glory thine.

I stand upon time's shore, and gaze
Far on eternity's expanse :
I trace the distant swell of praise,
Rising as endless years advance ;
And hear the words, which quit my tongue,
For ever, and for ever, sung.

The Ten Commandments.

Introduction.

EXODUS XX. 2.—*'I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the place of bondage.'*

GOD spake the law 'midst Sinai's flames ;
But gracious words the code began ;
And still express to wayward man,
That law derives from love its claims.

The preface to each binding rule
Was memory of a kindness wrought ;
And told how he from bondage brought,
Who freedom well to use would school.

Ah Lord, not once, but daily known,
This hold thy law on us maintains ;
Daily in Egypt's house and chains
Replaced, 'neath burden new to groan.

We cry ; and thou, from load and rod,
Mak'st us, through grace, enlarged and free
* So bind'st, in each command, to thee ;
Thee, our redeeming Lord and God.

First Commandment.

'Thou shalt have no other gods.'

LORD, when to thee the conscience guides,
Oft 'tis in heathen fashion shown ;
We own thee God, but not alone ;
For others share the shrine besides.

Before thy sight, we prostrate fall
To sense, or pride, to pomp, or fame ;
With rites at times which work us shame ;
Then go, and on Jehovah call.

Alas, so drawn are all below,
By nearness to their own weak ways,
That thou, Lord, hast but faint cold praise,
And these have all the feeling's glow.

God's worship e'er to make agree
With Mammon's will in vain be planned ;
Safe, Lord, alone the strict command,
To have none other gods than thee.

Second Commandment.

'Thou shalt not make to thee any image.'

WE frame no graven image now ;
But still the eye the soul subjects ;

And idols all around erects,
To which, in spirit, down to bow.

The earth below, the heaven above,
The waters, precious freight that bear,
Have forms which we to God prefer,
With memory for the priest of love.

We yield to sense such constant reign,
As warps of mind and will the bent ;
And hence, to children's children sent,
The doom of sin pursues its stain.

Justly, O God, thou jealous art,
And visit'st those with wrath so long,
Whose eyes 'gainst thee commit the wrong
To take from thee thy due, their heart.

THIRD COMMANDMENT.

'Thou shalt not take the name of God in vain.'

WE take, O Lord, thy name in vain,
E'en in the holiest prayer we say :
For ever wandering, whilst we pray,
To careless, or to formal strain.

As much in vain we take thy name,
When of thy works, thy grace, thy law,
We prate, without a sense of awe,
In so-called philosophic frame.

Fouly in vain thy name we take,
When strifes of words thy gospel cloud ;
And, whilst for God our speech is loud,
We cause our brother shame or ache.

Guiltless thou canst not hold us, Lord ;
Oh, give us grace, yet so abase,
That, when we speak thy name in praise,
Our reverence with our love accord.

Fourth Commandment.

'Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy.'

'REMEMBER,' is the opening word,
Which gives the Sabbath's law its force :
Then be thy heart, through all its course,
By holy recollections stirred.

Away thy six days labour cast,
To ponder on God's work for thee ;
To rest, and all things good to see,
In what thou view'st of dealings past.

Remember how God's Spirit woke
Thy clearness 'mid a formless void :
'The night endured, the day enjoyed ;
The lights from heaven which o'er thee broke.

Remember who to God's true rest
 Rose from the dead, to make it thine ;
 And memory cause the day divine
 To prove, because 'tis hallowed, blest.

Fifth Commandment.

'Honour thy father and thy mother.'

LORD, thou this earth's affections guid'st
 To holy rule, and just control ;
 Thou train'st to duteous love the soul,
 By blest reward which thou provid'st.

Thou winn'st for parents honour due,
 By pledge of length of days below ;
 Which speaks, for scope the grace to show,
 The like at least one parent's too.

Rightly we deem thee, Lord, engage
 To keep of just return the law ;
 And him, whose youth was filial awe,
 Grant, from his seed, an honoured age.

O Father, give thy promise scope
 Towards thyself, in kindred sense ;
 Thee may I honour, Lord, and thence
 Draw of an endless life the hope.

Sixth Commandment.

'Thou shalt not kill.'

LORD, when thou say'st 'Thou shalt not kill,'
Thou say'st 'Thou shalt not wound' as well
As much against thy law rebel,
Who pierce the heart, as blood who spill.

Anger, without a rightful cause,
Is murder in the Saviour's code ;
Thus, on the Mount, he clearly showed,
Who construed, for he made, the laws.

A word may bear a dagger's force ;
Unkindness crucifies alive ;
The wish by others' death to thrive
Hath murder's blame, and oft remorse.

Ah, worst of all, if speech or deed
A soul to endless death convey ;
And thunders rouse, on judgment's day,
To find a murderer's doom decreed.

Seventh Commandment.

'Thou shalt not commit adultery.'

LORD, when we boast that we fulfil
At least a part of thy command,
We find our fault, and silent stand,
Taught by the sermon on the hill.

Pure though we be from deed of shame,
 O Saviour, we are warned by thee,
 That look, or word, or thought, too free,
 Hath all the sin except the name.

The mind, ill fancies prompt to paint ;
 The double jest, the luscious song ;
 The eye which keeps its gaze too long,
 Hath all the essence of the taint.

Ah thus, who seems most pure from sin,
 Is shown of general guilt the heir ;
 And learns, as with the worst, to share
 The pardon which the worst may win.

Eighth Commandment.

'Thou shalt not steal.'

'**T**HOU shalt not steal !' how poor to keep
 The law in sense that would restrain
 Merely the wrong which giveth pain,
 By robbery of the treasured heap.

Thou shalt not from thy brother steal
 Whate'er is his, by rightful hold ;
 Place, honour, fame, no more than gold ;
 Nor more his soul's than body's weal.

Thou shalt not steal from him the love,
From others' kindly bosom lent ;
His peace, his ardour, his content ;
His lawful hope of bliss above.

Thou shalt not steal (for such high tone
The law gives forth) from God his due ;
His day, his stores, his service true ;
Thy neighbour's heart, nor yet thine own.

Ninth Commandment.

'Thou shalt not bear false witness.'

WE speak of others in thy sight,
O Lord, like men a judge before ;
Like those who, ere they witness bore,
Were bound by oath to truth and right.

Thy vows are on us, when we tell
E'en of our neighbour's trivial faults ;
And, when in truth the statement halts,
False witness marks the story well.

The pettiest gossip, unrestrained
By sense of truth, as much may steal
A neighbour's life, or fame, or weal,
As if a court the wrong ordained.

Give, Lord, such grace to common speech,
 That none we talk of, as we plod,
 As false to them, forsworn to God,
 Rightly at judgment's bar impeach.

Tenth Commandment.

'Thou shalt not covet.'

FITLY, O Lord, the law we read
 Ends with a precept so enlarged,
 That thereby guilt as much is charged
 On wrong desire, as wrongful deed.

The law which checks pollutions dark,
 The robber's spoil, the murderer's blows,
 Condemns as sin, not less than those,
 One thought beyond the rightful mark.

Here, on the view of faith, there crept
 A gleam of gospel day from heaven ;
 The oldness of the letter given,
 In newness of the spirit kept.

The law enforced the gospel creed ;
 Like schoolmaster, to Christ it brought ;
 The heart to seek for grace it taught,
 By showing clear of grace its need.

The Apostles' Creed.

The Father Almighty.

*'I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven
and earth.'*

MY faith is in a God of might ;
Of power which nought may e'er withstand ;
Who only saith, ' Let there be light,'
And all is light at his command ;
Who tames the sea, who rules the land ;
Adorns the day, and cheers the night.

My faith is in a Father too ;
The God I own permits the name :
To all a Father's office true,
To feed, to guide, to check, to blame ;
Pledging, for all a son may claim,
The will, as well as power, to do.

He made the earth ; and hence my trust
To find on earth a child's abode ;
What win I may, what bear I must,

Alike by Father's hand bestowed ;
 Marks of the love, from which they flowed,
 Impressed on all things of the dust.

He made the heaven ; and hence I rise
 To hope of better portion still ;
 Of house eternal in the skies,
 With all of good and nought of ill ;
 The heaven my Maker's glories fill,
 To me a Father's home supplies.

The Only Son.

'And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord ; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried ; he descended into hell ; the third day he rose again from the dead ; he ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty ; from thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.'

FITLY the largest share,
 O Saviour, of my creed,
 Is framed in foremost view to bear
 Thy grace to human need :
 For all that faith may e'er confess,
 Expresseth thee, or feels no less.

My creed avows my Lord,
 With no strange mystic lore ;
 Its words the simple facts record
 Of all he was and bore ;

E'en as of lifetime of a friend,
From wondrous birth, to glorious end.

I own the Son, who shared
A birthright throne above ;
Yet stooped to man, with man who fared,
And gave a brother's love :
Bearing a common earthly name,
By which to call, and help to claim.

I own the Virgin-born ;
The Holy Spirit's seed ;
To speak his death of shame and scorn
Makes all his life my creed :
The sufferings, under Pilate's hest,
But gave completeness to the rest.

I tell the way he died,
Making his Cross my boast ;
Remembering how to heaven he cried,
And then gave up the ghost ;
His lonely tomb, his dim descent
E'en to death's darkest banishment.

My voice hath heightened tone,
My heart with joy is thrilled,
When next a risen Lord I own,
The third day's pledge fulfilled ;
And heavenward turned, a Saviour see,
Placed on the throne, and there for me.

Yet not alone the past
 Kindleth my love to burn ;
 Faith is still prompt the view to cast
 To love's assured return :
 I own the Lord, who groaned and bled,
 As glorious Judge of quick and dead.

Ah, well this sinful heart
 That thought might sink to fear ;
 But faith will, all throughout, revert
 Towards her primal cheer :
 My creed avows, in sweet accord,
 God's only Son, as Christ my Lord.

The Holy Ghost.

' I believe in the Holy Ghost.'

FEW words are oft enough to tell
 Thoughts to the amplest reach that swell,
 Or in the heart a lifetime dwell.

Before the primal thought be done,
 I own, with Father and with Son,
 The Holy Ghost, the Three in One.

The creed, in vital part, would err,
 Did not the grateful Church aver
 Her Teacher, and her Comforter.

In these few words is memory held
Of strengthened faith, and doubt dispelled,
Instruction given, temptation quelled ;

Of light on sacred page that broke ;
Of good resolve, which starting woke ;
Of love, which bold avowal spoke ;

Of thoughts of Christ in time of need ;
Of sorrow, to repentance seed ;
Of promise, bidding duty speed.

What matters it that words be brief,
When strength and weakness, joy and grief,
Keep in the Holy Ghost belief ?

The Holy Catholic Church.

HOWE'ER in secret I repeat my creed,
I speak it not like one left all alone ;
I think the while, how many are agreed
In all I say, and call the creed their own.

Nor, when the throng murmurs accordance round,
Is then confession to that crowd confined ;
A shrine there is, of more capacious bound,
Filled with responses, silently combined.

Church, parish, diocese, or kingdom's line,
 Marks not the limits of the Saviour's sway ;
 These are too narrow precincts to confine
 The spreading arch of heaven, and light of day.

The Church I own is wide as earth's domain,
 Sending all tongues to join the song on high ;
 I trace no bound which may God's grace restrain ;
 I find no spot for which Christ did not die.

I give, in mental act, a brother's grasp
 To each who holds like faith, howe'er apart ;
 And stretch the holy circle, all to clasp,
 Who bear a Saviour in a loving heart.

He is the Christian, who hath Christian creed,
 Howe'er, 'mongst men, by sect or party named ;
 The Apostles' mind denotes the Apostles' seed ;
 Who owns their Lord is of the Church they framed.

The Communion of Saints.

LORD, thou the mind and heart
 Will'st should be ne'er apart :
 Thou giv'st to faith a bond of love's providing :
 In sure well-ordered creed
 Thine own are kept agreed,
 By one sweet star, to one blest Saviour guiding.

Children their creed repeat,
Close by the parents' seat,
Together, or by turns, its accents sharing ;
So for life's after scene,
With wide seas placed between,
The saints' communion in fond hearts preparing.

Friend is entwined with friend,
In holy act and end,
To climb the same steep height their efforts
bending ;
To loneliest saint belongs
The thought of kindred throngs,
To sense unknown, yet with him heavenward
wending.

Love looks around, and views
Dear ones, intent to choose
The path 'twas found of yore itself selecting ;
Upwards it looks, and sees
In heaven as dear as these,
Knit in one bond, by one glad home expecting.

Within the sacred fane,
Bends an harmonious train ;
Another that same hour above is kneeling :
All o'er the earth are spread
Spirits, by duty led,
Sharing and ministering to each holy feeling.

So on their God who wait,
Bear not the chilling fate
Of heart in vain for heart respondent sighing ;
Saints are above, below,
Kindling a mutual glow,
To each high thought with answering thought replying.

The Forgiveness of Sins.

WHAT should I be, and what my race,
If to a close were brought
The creed, and ne'er redeeming grace
Woke in one clause a thought ;
And sin's forgiveness held no place
In what the Apostles taught ?

But whilst my creed I humbly speak,
Ashamed of conscious stain,
I make the while avowal meek
Of trust I still maintain,
That they, who pardon rightly seek,
Shall pardon surely gain.

I feel the light of promise sweet
On recent wandering thrown ;
And, whilst the pardon trust to meet,
The sin that needs it own ;
The creed, as I the words repeat,
Assumes confession's tone.

Next moment hath the wing of grace
From earth to heaven to bear ;
Faith from contrition's lowly place,
Springs up to brighter air ;
And, though no suppliant words it trace,
The creed becomes a prayer.

The Resurrection of the Body.

THE lips, which speak my creed, will soon be closed
In life's last sleep ;
The heart which moves them have a stop imposed,
And silence keep.

But faith a substance gives to things unseen ;
So hath it power
To trace, across the darkness placed between,
The awaking hour.

I own a Saviour, who his fleshly frame
Bore to the skies ;
Hence have I trust to do with Christ the same,
With Christ to rise.

Faith hath here firmer hold, as though she felt
A grasping hand ;
And dwells with clearness on the mercy dealt,
The future planned.

I look on high, nor fix bewildered gaze
 On blank obscure ;
With ready thought my living self I raise,
 To dwelling sure.

I place in heaven the frame familiar here,
 No longer vile ;
I paint in heaven the forms on earth so dear,
 In earth's best smile.

A faith I hold, which e'en from sense acquires
 The power to climb ;
And hope of meeting through the eye inspires,
 At parting time.

I give to flesh the same self-nurtured hope
 In spirit bred ;
And soul and body, in one boundless scope,
 Firmly I wed.

My lips avow a double triumph gained
 For me o'er death ;
And speak a creed, most fit to be maintained
 With life's last breath.

The Life Everlasting.

M^Y faith is not to earth confined,
 Its breaking bonds, its fading joys ;

I speak like one for life designed,
Which nought of pain, or power, destroys ;
And keep, through passing strife and noise,
The calm of an eternal mind.

I stretch a moment's gaze beyond
This scene of toil, and care, and ache ;
I feel whate'er my prisoning bond
A lightness in the pressure take ;
And high desires and thoughts awake,
With height in view to correspond.

I stand, 'mid fallen stones of fame,
'Mid wrecks of wealth, and graves of love ;
And think on strength no time will maim,
On props no force away can move ;
I see an endless life above
Give to all good a life the same.

A moment is enough to send
The soul through space devoid of bound ;
And, past where earth's attractions blend,
To reach to heaven's unvarying round ;
And win a sense of glory, crowned
With circling brightness ne'er to end.

I cause my creed, or e'er 'tis done,
Each varied aim of faith to serve,

By thought sufficient, all in one,
To soothe my care, my strength to nerve ;
To prompt from duty ne'er to swerve ;
To cheer on course most hard to run.

Myself by that one thought I raise,
Above what time can change or bring ;
And join the throng which hope portrays ;
Who once believed, and now who sing ;
I soar, as on departing wing,
From earthly creed, to endless praise.

The Beatitudes.

THE POOR IN SPIRIT.

'Blessed are the poor in spirit : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'

BLESSED the poor in spirit ; not alone
The poor in worldly wealth, who to their state
Adapt a willing heart ; the rich and great,
Who stoop their penury of grace to own,
Alike the blessing claim : all have one leaven
Of humble mind, needful for who to heaven
Would surely climb, since ne'er a path is known
Up to the height, but from the base proceeds.
He, who would share his master's glory, needs
To track his steps : away could not be thrown
The Godhead's wealth ; but in his heart was shown
The lowliness, which cleared a world's misdeeds.
Christ only those makes kings and priests above,
Who poor in spirit grew, from rich in love.

THEY THAT MOURN.

'Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted.'

BLESSED are they that mourn : the world rejects
 This saying, though 'tis Christ's, esteeming blest
 Only the mirthful ; yet who well reflects
 Perceives its truth ; how may the mortal breast
 E'er taste the bliss of comfort, sweetest much
 Of earthly joy, unless it first endure
 The grief relieved ? how feel the sense of cure,
 Health's liveliest tone, save through the previous touch
 Of harsh disease ? he, who the woe of sin
 Would lose, his sin must mourn ; from paths which err,
 And hence make sad, he who escape would win,
 Must find for guide the promised Comforter.
 Oh, nought of bliss a coming heaven endears,
 Like this,—God wipes from every eye the tears.

THE MEEK.

'Blessed are the meek : for they shall inherit the earth.'

BLESSED the meek ; they have the promise made
 Not for heaven only : they are heirs of earth
 By Jesus named ; ever they find conveyed
 A plenteousness, which knows no touch of dearth,
 Made by a mind which deems whate'er betide
 The erring child's fit share : the joys which pride

Rejects as mean ; which anger, in its haste,
Throws by unmarked ; which hatred dooms to waste,
The meek lift up, and taste in fullest zest,
Like heirs to all ; losses they straight retrieve,
By wealth's content replacing in the breast,
Hence always rich : the honours they achieve,
They bear ungrudged, and thus unspoiled retain :
So, in Christ's mind, with Christ joint heirship gain.

THEY THAT HUNGER AND THIRST AFTER
RIGHTEOUSNESS.

'Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness : for they shall be filled.'

BLESSED are they, who after righteousness
Hunger and thirst : what though unsatisfied
The craving heart, through wearying years of earth,
Remain, a time is promised, when the dearth
Shall pass like night ; and all shall be supplied,
Which here thou yearn'dst for ; seek not e'er to chide
The holy longing ; rather for the spur
All toil to brave, all peril to incur,
Let it, like healthful appetite, abide,
And urge advance : enough the desert's mess,
For strength, though not for rest ; thy manna eat ;
Drink of the rock-sent stream, and onward press :
Till thou, attired in wedding-garment meet,
The marriage-feast find with God's fulness bless.

THE MERCIFUL.

'Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.'

BLESSED the merciful ; for prayer to them
 Hath pledge of answer none besides possess,
 Forgiven because forgiving ; what may bless
 The heart which owns God's justice to condemn,
 More than a certain pardon ? what may stem
 The suppliant's fears like sureness of success ?
 So is each act of mercy, nor the less
 Each thought of mercy, where the act is barred,
 A hoarded joy ; not only yielding taste
 Of present bliss, but wherein to regard
 Treasure for after want ; a store to ward
 Even man's harmings off : nor yet to waste
 With earthly needs : the merciful below
 Heap heavenly coin, with which to heaven they go.

THE PURE IN HEART.

'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.'

BLESSED the pure in heart ; they shall see God ;
 None else behold him ; how the heart which feels
 Its inward stains, is into distance awed,
 And shrinks from prayer itself ! slightly it heals
 The soul, that free it casts its gaze abroad
 O'er a world's joys and beauties ; 'tis that these
 Bear its own taint, that nought they show reveals

Reflected shame : and thence the power it gains
To view them unabashed : ne'er it attains
To peace, until a holy God it sees,
Nor needs to turn away ; so may they do,
Who look to God through Christ the pure between ;
And made at last like Christ, in glory seen,
Stand in son's place, and God as Father view.

THE PEACEMAKERS.

'Blessed are the peacemakers : for they shall be called the children of God.'

BLESSED the peacemakers ; the Prince of Peace
To them is Elder Brother, by the claim
Of kindred spirit ; theirs the children's name,
Because the likeness ; largely they increase
The portion of the child by usury
Of thrice-blest dealing ; from the severed twain,
Now brought to one, drawing a double gain
Of joy returned ; the heart's own treasury
Yielding the rest : who may to him be nighest,
Who stooped to earth for nought save peace to
make,
But those offence who bear, and toil, and ache,
To knit a broken bond ? yet those the highest
Rise towards Christ, most share his travail's meed,
Whose holy task makes man with God agreed.

THE PERSECUTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS' SAKE.

'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'

BLESSED who, for the sake of righteousness,
 Are persecuted ; these most surely tread
 The Saviour's path, and in the darkness shed,
 Pierced heart, and scoffing obloquy, possess
 A likeness of the Cross ; nor yet the less
 The joy, amid the woe, of him who prayed
 Forgiveness to his foes, knowing how well
 His pangs would gain an answer ; how there fell
 Signs of a hastening glory, from the shade,
 When at the darkest : all as much are made
 God's martyrs, who, with man at peace, contend
 'Gainst persecuting thoughts, for virtue's sake,
 And evil spirits ; as at martyr's stake,
 With foes begirt, dying to heaven ascend.

Devout Verses.

Giving God Glory.

IT needs not, Lord, a prophet's tongue,
Nor anthem in the temple sung,
Nor preacher's words, to thousands flung,
To give thee glory as we ought.
'Tis rendered by the gentlest breath ;
By lifted eyes, which strive with death ;
By feeblest words repentance saith ;
By incense of a single thought.

The common actions of the day,
Be they but touched with heavenly ray,
Like nature's scenes on common way,
Proclaim aloud the God who gilds.
The kindly feelings, which suggest
God's comforts to some wounded breast,
His presence in the heart attest,
As in a temple which he builds.

The monarch, who, in gorgeous state,
Wends slowly through the glittering gate,

Draws not alone from rich and great
The homage which exalts a king :
The weakest voices in the shout ;
The press of mean and poor about ;
The blessings, scarcely whispered out,
The monarch's highest glory bring.

The mite, within the treasury thrown,
Was worship of a loftier tone,
Than that in costliest offerings shown,
Where rich in gifts were poor in love.
The prayer for mercy, in the shrine,
Confessed the majesty divine ;
Whilst boasted merit had no sign
Of homage finding way above.

Not from the numbers which surround
The heavenly throne, like victors crowned,
And make the victor's song resound,
Alone the praise of heaven proceeds.
The seraph, who in farthest space,
Is working, or is waiting grace,
Sends, from his solitary place,
A note which all the anthem leads.

The daily toil, the common meal,
The kindly strife for mutual weal,
The effort others' woes to heal,
The love which labours and believes,

Need but the impulse of a prayer,
To raise to heaven, and offer there ;
And glory in the offering bear
 To him who needs not, yet receives.

Toil.

1849.

MEN of toil, who fret and groan,
 Whilst your hands their tasks fulfil,
Think not that on you alone
 Lies the doom ye bear so ill.
Toil there is, of thought and pen,
Hard as may be borne by men ;
Labour, sorer still to rack
Burdened brain, than burdened back.

What am I, that ye should deem
 Mine a life of easy flow ?
One who, like o'erloaded team,
 Drives the mind, with fear and throe ;
Plodding far beyond the hours,
Which release your flagging powers ;
With a weariness at close,
Vainly seeking your repose.

None the less the labour spent,
 That the task is of the mind :
Only more the discontent,
 'Neath the aim the work to find.

Toil to you is trouble past,
When its garment off ye cast ;
But the work which lies in thought
All unrestingly is wrought.

Ne'er an ache or woe ye share,
 But 'tis mine of like to tell ;
Hard commencement, lengthened care ;
 Zeal, and failure, to excel ;
Fears for those the toil must feed ;
Ill-rewarded strength or speed ;
Pain at times, which stings no less,
From unwilling idleness.

Brothers, we have kindred fate,
 With the self-same fetters bound ;
All alike, whate'er our state,
 Wearied tillers of the ground.
Toil is man's appointed lot,
Hand or head importeth not ;
That, which seems the higher part,
Mostly hath the sorer smart.

Brothers, as our doom is one,
 Let our hearts alike respond ;
Meek the destined course to run,
 Hopeful of the bliss beyond :
Faithful to the Master mild,
Who was called the workman's child ;

Whose was, more than either's part,
Wearied frame, and aching heart.

Late Repentance.

THINK not, though 'tis late
When thou to the Saviour hiest,
Thine a doubtful state :
In the time before thou diest,
Thou may'st find all grace comprised.

They who, in Christ's tale,
Last were to the vineyard brought,
Were not found to fail ;
They the full day's wages got,
For one hour at twilight wrought.

One upon the cross
Had no space for labour given ;
Yet 'twas nought of loss :
He was saved, who for his heaven
Only by one prayer had striven.

When the troubled pool
Proved, for drear long years, in vain,
Christ could overrule,
By one word, the gloom and pain,
Deemed so long no cure to gain.

Not yet Attained.

THOU, O my God, hast borne me on,
Where morning's choice had sped :
Yet, spite of all the journey gone,
Still far the distance spread :
I may not robe of feasting don,
But girt, and weary, tread.

The visions of faith's early day
Still their fulfilment lack :
And longest stretch on fancied way
Oft is but turning back :
Virtue to see in high display
Sets me as on a rack.

I count not to have yet attained
E'en half way up the hill :
And all of good which faith hath gained,
Is hatred of the ill :
Yet, Lord, to have as thine remained,
Is something mastered still.

The tidings of thy love have bent
My heart to grateful frame :
But scant by me the duty spent,
Which love might rightly claim :
I know not love by its content,
But mostly by its shame.

Thou, Lord, hast faithful been to me,
Through many a changeful year :
Ne'er have I straitened been in thee,
But much in mine own fear :
Oft, when thy grace most clear I see,
'Tis sight, and 'tis not cheer.

I ponder on thy law divine,
As bond of just control :
Then find, as I to sin decline,
I have not learned the whole :
Oft I mistake the roadway sign,
As if it marked the goal.

I bear towards my race a heart
Which nought but kindness aims ;
Yet e'en my best hath selfish part,
Which stricter conscience blames :
My course is not by Gospel chart,
But sense of earthly claims.

My graces should have long ere now
Composed the Christian crown ;
But barren gloom is round my brow,
Which weighs the eyelids down :
I scarcely dare to form a vow,
For dread of soiled renown.

The sadness of the unattained
Broods o'er me like a cloud ;

I shrink, like one by failure stained,
 Where he of strength was proud :
 Only is peacefulness regained,
 By helplessness avowed.

I learn the secret of the Cross,
 From thoughts which self abase :
 The waves, which pride to shipwreck toss,
 Seem to have swell of praise :
 Like one who lightened feels by loss,
 I sing in gospel ways.

My God, I will not look behind,
 On things which stir regret,
 Save as the spur to earnest mind,
 Tow'rds mark before me set :
 I press with vigour unconfined,
 Loosed from a present debt.

The crown, to which thou call'st mine aim,
 Hath been already won :
 'Twill be my gain, though not my claim,
 From hand of thy dear Son :
 To reach, and be with Christ the same,
 Is all for which I run.

The Gifts of the Dead.

BRIGHT in thy view is many a precious boon,
 Won by thy love, or virtues, from the living ;

But gifts there be, strike not the sense so soon ;
Gifts which the dead are giving.

The living bring fresh smiles and aspects gay,
Which make thy circle like a garden flourish ;
Friendships, which may at times through blight
decay,
Yet may'st thou new ones nourish.

They bring thee riches from the gorgeous East ;
Heap on thee honours till their weight encumbers ;
With earth's most luscious dainties spread thy feast,
And break with songs thy slumbers.

They bring endearments which make joy more
warm ;
Counsel, when doubts the tired mind are perplexing ;
Comforts which cares, like evil spirits, charm,
And soothe away their vexing.

They bring excitements to high deed and thought ;
Plaudits to crown the victor's brow with glory ;
Fame, like death's garment once in Egypt wrought,
Perfumed with song or story.

But still the dross of earth these gifts alloys ;
Ever distress or disappointment mingles ;
Wealth wastes ; honours are tarnished ; pleasure
cloys ;
Falsehood its victim singles.

Affection's kiss grows cold upon the lips ;
The plaudits of the crowd are changed to scorning ;
The sun which makes thy day sustains eclipse,
Ofttimes whilst yet 'tis morning.

Such gifts the living bring : what, then, are those,
The dead are, all the while, not less bestowing ?
Thou may'st not that there come such gifts suppose ;
Yet are they worth thy knowing.

They bring thee quiet memories, like the calm
Of that dim day, than sunshine's glow more pleasant ;
Thoughts of the past, which are diffused, like balm,
Throughout the painful present.

They bring thee feelings tow'rds the once beloved,
Unmixed with ought which earth had shed to taint
them ;
And charms, portrayed more bright than here they
proved,
E'en when love's self might paint them.

They bring before thee friends all faultless seen,
Thy mind o'er nothing save o'er virtues ranging ;
Friends of unruffled brow, and sweet bright mien,
And kindness never changing.

They bring thee patience, when thou'rt most distressed,
Teaching that now no flowers more fair can wither ;

And hopes of heaven, such as were ne'er possessed,
Till they themselves went thither.

They bring thee blest examples, e'en as arms
On which to lean, and know they ne'er will fail thee ;
Deathbed assurances, which hush alarms,
When fears of death assail thee.

Still more they bring thee ! Hath God's Word pro-
claimed,
That minist'ring spirits aid to man are giving ?
The dead are 'mongst them ; though the dead they 're
named,
They are in truth the living.

They are good angels, bearing from on high
Boons of more worth than earth's most precious
treasures ;
Joys of a higher relish these supply,
Than earth's most luscious pleasures.

They bring thee holy thoughts which they instil
In the lone mind, on sinful objects musing ;
They bring encouragements to brace thy will,
When its first vigour losing.

They bring thee warnings, which awake within,
So strangely, that thou wonderest at their rising ;
Suggestions, which arouse thee out of sin,
With startling fears surprising.

They bring thee converse, when thou blindly
deem'st

That thou in cheerless solitude art walking ;
Oft, when to commune with thyself thou seem'st,
Thou with the dead art talking.

They bring thee part of their own keen delight,
When, in devotion's hour, thy God adoring ;
Some doubts they bring, which earnestness excite,
When thou 'rt for grace imploring.

They bring thee weapons from God's armoury,
Meet for the conflict all things here betoken ;
And, 'midst the fight, still with fresh arms are nigh,
When those thou wield'st are broken.

Whate'er thou dost of good, their help they bring,
Their holy influence all the act pervading.
This strain of mine, now trembling on the string,
Perchance the dead are aiding.

Choose for Us.

CHOOSE thou for us, O Lord ;
We cannot rightly choose :
The good we do not ask accord ;
'The ill we ask refuse.

Our aim is high and far :
Thine oft is low and near :
Hedge thou our path ; our wandering bar ;
And guide to rightful sphere.

Thou know'st the talents given,
Which we so oft miscount :
Lord, fix us where to trade for heaven,
And bring thee full amount.

E'en when to serve thee fain,
Our call we still mistake :
Our work, Lord, 'gainst our will ordain ;
And humbly useful make.

Ill would we form a choice
Of what as woe we need :
Lord, we would in thy joy rejoice,
And weep when thou mak'st bleed.

Saviour, we would not ask
A seat beside thy throne :
Choose thou for us both place and task :
And be thy cup our own.

Hold us still prompt to go,
Where'er for thee thou send'st ;
With not one lingering step, to know
What thou in this intend'st.

Only by thy dear grace
Prevent that far we stray :
Bring to thy heaven, when closed our race ;
We leave to thee the way.

The Winds.

I HEAR thy voice in every wind that bloweth,
O Friend above ;
Each hath a varying tone, whereby it showeth
Thy wrath, or love.

Thy north wind chills, and shakes ; yet it suffices,
When gentler shed,
From forth thy garden to send out the spices,
Thy grace hath bred.

Thine east wind threats with ravage ; yet thou
stay'st it,
In its rough day ;
Then fields, which seemed as by thine anger wasted,
Ripe ears display.

Thy west wind bringeth showers, softly descending,
Like gracious tears ;
Melting the heart, which long maintained offending
Parches and sears.

Thy south is sign of heat, men say securely ;
And so it is :
The wind its whispered promise keepeth surely,
As God doth his.

Oh that this heart, which thus thy signs amasseth,
These signs would raise ;
Like that wild harp, which every breeze that passeth
Stirs into praise.

Gifts not Graces.

BOAST not thyself, that thou of things divine
Freely canst talk ; thou may'st have angel's
tongue
And not have angel's heart ; crowds may have
hung

On glowing words, and felt the well-thrown line
Sounding all depths ; yet straight the preacher go
And make his home unblest ; thou may'st
support

A world of kindly work, yet far be short
In love within : the Church her bitterest woe
Hath found denounced, to find that saying true,
'Gifts are not graces;' tremble, thou that lead'st,
Or seem'st to lead in Israel, lest thou speed'st
To goal where, what most lifts, thou most wilt rue.
Only one way assures thee : humbly see
All graces gifts : then gifts will graces be.

Faith.

HOW might'st thou reach
The height before thee placed,
Did Faith not teach
Assurance that thou may'st ?
Heaven is high in golden air,
Won by penitence and prayer ;
Yet, before thou upward press,
Faith must pledge to thee success.

Vain were the gift
Which willing love confers,
Did Faith not lift
The hand which makes it hers.
God is rich, and God is free,
Gifts, through Christ, to stretch to thee ;
Yet, before thy grasp ensue,
Faith must stamp the offer true.

Wouldst thou come out
From perils rashly braved,
Ne'er must thou doubt
The guide, who many saved.
God thou must for guide believe,
Else thou ne'er wilt heaven achieve ;
'Midst the tracks which doubt convey,
Firm must keep the appointed way.

Go to thy God,
 By Christ the living path ;
The distance trod,
 Like one who flees from wrath.
Faith in one blest volume sees
Truth which humbles whilst it frees ;
Doom deserved, and grace received,
Holds in one meek heart believed.

God is a friend,
 Beyond the dream of youth ;
Ready to send
 Trust that will match his truth.
Oft what love would fain dispense
Fails through lack of confidence ;
God, for first of gifts, inspires
Faith, which all the rest acquires.

Boldly pursue
 The task appointed here ;
Christ in thy view,
 As brother ever near.
Faith, with ready heart and hands,
Works, through love, what love commands :
E'en though love be gone awhile,
Labours for its looked-for smile.

Foes thou hast round,
 And subtle foe within ;

Yet of thy ground
Doubt not, and thou shalt win.
Perils, which at hand appear,
Faith o'ercomes, through lack of fear ;
World that is it triumphs o'er,
Through the power of world in store.

Abject and blind,
On earth who doubting lies ;
High looks the mind,
Which high believes to rise.
Faith is proof of things unseen ;
Substance to the hopes between ;
Pureness to the heart, whose trust
Soars to joys above the dust.

Faith is the strength
To wait, and to endure ;
And finds at length
The strength become the cure.
Faith, like gold within the fire,
Though it melt, will not expire ;
Precious most, when most 'tis tried ;
Crown of glory, purified.

Faith is the tie,
Which knits the saints in one ;
Tow'rds home on high
Their race together run.

Faith which sees not, yet believes,
Bonds of trusting friendship weaves ;
Faith, matured above to sight,
Keeps the unity of light.

Thanks to God.

THANKS, my God, to thee are nought ;
For in thee doth not reside
Man's exacting, flattered pride ;
Yet 'tis meet that thanks be brought.

Thanks are but the tribute due,
From the subjects to the King,
'Neath whose sway they toil and sing,
All he pledged them coming true.

Thanks are but the cheerful song,
From the servants to the Lord,
Whom they find the feast afford,
Furnished for a faithful throng.

Thanks to God are thoughts to heaven ;
Pure in hue, and high in flight :
Quickened work, through brightened light ;
Happy life, through holy leaven.

Christ's Praise.

SAVIOUR, when I would sing of thee,
I know not where my song should start ;
For such the varied grace I see,
That e'en the fulness of my heart
Itself impedes my minstrelsy.

What shall I praise ? if ought I take,
As first to have my hymn addressed,
I fear lest I should seem to make
This virtue loftier than the rest ;
And, in that fear, the theme forsake.

I search for subject lower placed,
From which my verse on high may spring ;
But search in vain ; for all is graced
So equally, of each to sing
Demands the highest flight be traced.

I feel the beauty of the sight
To hush me to a silent gaze ;
The very tremblings of delight
The words I fain would speak erase,
And only mute content invite.

Love cannot paint what love admires ;
Oft as the pleasing task is tried,
Some lacking touch the heart requires ;

Then throws the portraiture aside,
And nought but the bright self desires.

Only these rhymes, my Lord, I choose,
To speak thy praise my verse above ;
And say, midst all affection views,
' I cannot sing thee, but I love ;'
E'en as with loved on earth we use.

Leah and Rachel.

TWO sisters, by decree divine,
The house of Israel built ;
Yet had the house the earthly sign
Of care, and woe, and guilt.

Seven years of toil for wages borne,
The Patriarch won his bride ;
Slumbered in bliss, then found at morn
'Twas Leah by his side.

Long years renewed, of ache and strife,
The dearly loved one gained :
Yet but to show the love of wife
By sisters' discord stained.

Doubly in Leah's bosom burned
The cause of love's alarms ;
A father's fraud against her turned,
A sister's favoured charms.

God took her part, when man despised,
And gave a bright-eyed race :
Whilst she, the beauteous and the prized,
Writhed in her lonely place.

Child after child a link supplied,
A husband's heart to hold ;
And Judah's birth the slighted bride
In line of Christ enrolled.

Only when to the self-same ear
The childless wife complained,
Her wish she won ; nor shame, nor fear,
When Joseph came, retained.

Long wanderings on a stranger land,
Promised, but not possessed,
Brought, as with every earthly band,
To separate times of rest.

Oft had the way-worn patriarch's heart
Turned to the purchased cave,
For couch to heal of all the smart ;
Yet 'twas an unfilled grave.

She, who had borne such care and gloom,
From love too close allied,
She only, in the silent tomb,
Lay by the husband's side.

And Rachel, who so wildly yearned
A mother's name to know,
Sorely a second blessing earned,
Brought by a dying throe.

She slept where they to Bethlehem went,
Like pilgrim on the way :
To learn at dawn the grand event
Of Bethlehem's after day.

Nearness to God.

WHY should I pine 'neath my distress,
When thereby closer made to press
To thee, my God ;
Clinging like child to parent's knee,
As though the movement sure would be
To foil the rod ?

Why should I fret, that hopes, matured
To ripeness, all but full assured,
I find to wither ;
When so desire of heaven awakes
A prayer, whose force a long way takes
Of progress thither ?

Nearness to God is heaven's bliss ;
Why should I grudge earth's ills, if this
They make my state ?

Close to the royal throne to go,
 Is worth the strife, the crowd, the blow,
 Borne at the gate.

Only in heaven the nearness lasts ;
 Earth but a transient image casts
 Before the time :
 Only the woes, which urge the wing,
 E'en for a passing season bring
 To that blest clime.

Christ's Obscureness.

TIDINGS that Christ was born were spread
 By angels from the sky ;
 Yet but a few poor shepherds led,
 To seek a manger nigh.

A star the eastern sages brought,
 Where they the Lord discerned ;
 But these departed, whispering nought
 Of what themselves had learned.

Herod to slay the Lord designed ;
 But such the obscureness shed,
 Christ in the crowd he could not find,
 And thousands fell instead,

Long years, of unknown toil composed,
The Son of Mary spent ;
Nor to the world was Christ disclosed,
Till tow'rds the Cross he went.

O Christian, wherefore dost thou sigh
To live on earth obscure,
When he, who came for thee to die,
This must alike endure ?

The time when Christ had most of peace,
Was when he dwelt unknown :
Wouldst thou have thine obscureness cease,
'Neath woes like his to groan ?

Rest thou content thus far to share
The path thy Saviour chose ;
And leave thy Lord the griefs to bear,
Which gain thee thy repose.

Events.

EVENTS are messengers of God, that bring
His will on silent wing ;
Interpreters, that make his pleasure known,
Yet oft in doubtful tone.
Scarce are we roused to mark them as they fly,
Nor heed them till gone by ;
Or find their voice so indistinct and low,
That past they unheard go.

Events are mirrors, to the heart revealing
Its true unconscious feeling ;
Rend'ring, by what they call forth, clearly seen
What else unknown had been.

Events are monuments, in furnace cast,
Of sins which long are past ;
Holding before the view, in lasting shape,
What else would thought escape.

Events are counsellors, that wisdom teach ;
Divines that strongly preach ;
Yet we, like infidels, our skill exert,
And straight their sense pervert.
Events are witnesses we cause to lie,
With adverse truth to vie :
Sweet singers, with false notes, for choral throng,
To hope's delusive song.

Events are mercies, that is, sent as such ;
But made woes by man's touch ;
To virtue are they discipline, or meed ;
To sin its doom, or seed.
Ofttimes events are mysteries ; they flow
From God, and must be so ;
He, who but half his plan would have thee mark,
Will oft in speech be dark.

Read, man, thy lesson ; but with caution read,
Nor to rash judgment speed.

Let not God's acts alone thy light afford,
But take for lamp his Word.
The natural gleam will ofttimes lead astray,
But the Word shows the way.
The act which, though 'tis friendly, harsh appears,
The friend's assurance clears.

Bear thou in memory, that man's ways and God's
Mostly are found at odds :
Man's words, before his acts, thou may'st not trust ;
But with thy God thou must.
Man's words oft hide what lies within his breast ;
His acts are thoughts expressed :
God's acts are truth, but truth in partial view ;
His Word is sure, as true.

The Sigh of Christ.

MARK VII. 34.

ONCE when the Saviour's power supplied
The healing from his mercy sought,
'Tis said he looked to heaven and sighed,
Then spake, and all the cure was wrought.

Why did he sigh ? Can this be true,
That so the doom of sin he took,
That ever on himself he drew
Each ill which ransomed man forsook ?

Did he our sicknesses so bear,
That, though perchance in different shape,
He suffered all the pain and care,
From which the healed ones gained escape ?

Or was it, that the grace he showed,
He knew the freed one would pervert :
And the fresh power he then bestowed,
Against him and his cause exert ?

Sighed he to feel that all he did
Would not the careless crowd convince ?
Or how, his own worse woes amid,
His friends from taking part would wince ?

Was it the travail of his soul,
Yearning and yet unsatisfied,
Which burst his human heart's control,
And gained a vent when Jesus sighed ?

Oh, there is none on earth can speak
The sacred mystery of that sigh ;
In which Omnipotence grew weak,
And God like one ordained to die.

Only this truth, O Lord, I see
Fully by that dark sign expressed ;
Thou sufferedst pain and care for me,
Known only in the Godhead's breast.

I'd treasure up that sacred sigh,
E'en like affection's sigh on earth,
Whose cause we may not well descry,
Yet know 'twas love that breathed it forth.

O Thou, my dull cold heart who chid'st,
Cause me from thee such cure obtain,
That thou, though once for me thou sigh'dst,
Ne'er may'st have cause to sigh again.

Music Unheard.

THE birds are singing in the grove,
Whilst I, with care, or fear,
Am so engrossed in the alcove,
That ne'er a note I hear.

Yet nought it needs, except to quell
The thought, and ope the sense,
To find a flood of music swell,
And gather soothing thence.

These are but tongues the truth to speak,
How earth, and sea, and air,
Have gladness, which did we but seek,
We'd find it everywhere.

O man, 'tis of thyself, if love
Hath not for thee a voice ;

Ope but thine ear ; around, above,
 Thou 'lt hear it say, Rejoice.

The Return Home.

SCARCE for a day
 Am I away
 From my pleasant home and its inmates dear,
 But, in coming back,
 Is woke the attack
 Of a feeling within which resembleth fear.
 There are woes which may in a moment rush,
 For ever the homeward song to hush.

Different here
 Is the brighter sphere,
 Where the ransomed speed on divine employ ;
 Far they may roam,
 But returning home,
 They are certain nothing to find but joy ;
 All that they left, as before, in view,
 And the journey's brightest of visions true.

Enoch.

HE was the seventh from Adam ; yet he dwelt
 On earth with Adam, so the lengthened years
 Of man allowed : and when in prayer they knelt,
 He viewed the trickling of lost Eden's tears.

He learned, from witness true,
Man's sin, and refuge too ;
Heard of the seed to bruise the serpent's head,
And how repentant Eve triumphed on dying bed.

He walked with God ; yet not as once they walked
In Eden's shade, ere man from God had hid,
Or strove to hide ; when face to face had talked
Man with his Maker ; nor his speech was chid.
Born in a dimmer light,
He walked by faith, not sight :
And God he pleased, by such enduring trust,
As glads all-powerful love to gain from child of
dust.

He preached to men of righteousness, and told
Of coming judgment ; for the race had grown
E'en then to height of sin ; and mortals, bold
To mate with angels, made e'en brutes disown.
With prophet's eye he saw
The lightnings of the law ;
And whilst around men scoffed, securely brave,
He heard the rushing flood roll its avenging wave.

His years were many, as men reckon now ;
Yet short his life, as life was then esteemed ;
Early he bore God's seal upon his brow,
And marked for heaven before the time he
seemed.

His manhood could engage
 The honour due to age ;
 And filial homage showed the promised sign,
 When, in Methuselah, stretched earth's course in
 longest line.

He was not, for God took him ; so is writ
 His end of life, if such it may be named ;
 His way to heaven no fiery chariot lit,
 Nor caught his mantle one his part who claimed.
 He closed one eve with prayer ;
 At morn he was not there ;
 Nor yet to find him made they search abroad ;
 They knew, though hid the way, that he was gone to God.

All was by faith ; at first to God he came,
 Believing that he is, and will reward
 Whoe'er will seek his face ; his after aim
 Still had to that grand recompense regard.
 He passed through joy and grief,
 In calmness of belief ;
 And, clothed in fleshly form, he rose on high ;
 Through faith which reached to bliss, without the
 need to die.

The Days of Mourning.

THIS life is but the mourning time
 For something fair which hath been lost ;

For beauty withered in its prime,
And virtue nipped by early frost.
We weep like those beside a bier,
For young and bright, for sweet and dear ;
Ourselves the subject of the tear.

We fill the hours with bursting sighs,
For moments of enjoyment fled ;
We pour the unavailing cries
Which would revive the cold and dead :
The sable garb of woe we don,
And slowly, sadly, journey on,
Ourselves the mourners, and the gone.

But sorrow hath a bounded course ;
The days of mourning will have end ;
Joy will have glow, and duty force ;
And love an unforsaking friend.
The grave will be attired in green ;
The mourner bright in garb and mien ;
And life be what it ne'er had been.

Dying to God.

L ORD, 'tis but a miser's thought,
If, when death at hand we see,
Then we seek to die to thee,
Gaining all, and giving nought.

This to thine be chief desire,
 Daily unto thee to die,
 When the life may victim lie,
 And the heart hath altar's fire.

Saviour, I to life's true sense,
 Crucified with thee attain ;
 For thy death hath, in its train,
 Thine ascension's permanence.

Lord, thy death so deep ingrain
 In my life, that all I do
 To thy death's intent be true ;
 Death be of thy life the gain.

The Hills.

THE hills are round me, on my native land,
 And fix, from vacant plain, my wandering eye ;
 Seeming like teachers, given of God, to stand,
 To lift my soul on high.

If ought, o'erpassing common life's events,
 Be deemed of God peculiarly to speak,
 May not the heart, from nature's monuments,
 For like instruction seek ?

These are God's witnesses, the truth who state,
 In graver tone than usual converse wore ;

These, in the story of their tribe, narrate
A world's adventures o'er.

They speak of that old time, when God's decree
Produced, by several throes, creation's birth :
And rock-capt mountains, rising o'er the sea,
Fore-ran the coming earth.

They speak of Ararat, where land was found
By the lone ark, a world's whole nations bearing ;
And taught no second curse would blight the
ground,
Man to fresh toil was faring.

They tell us of Moriah, where, by faith,
The Patriarch sacrificed his all to God ;
And Isaac, in a figure raised from death,
The homeward journey trod.

They bear to Sinai, where, by flash of lightning,
The letter of the law was clearly read ;
And by its light, the onward pathway brightening,
Israel to Canaan sped.

They picture those twin hills, whose summits gave
To blessing, and to curse, alternate voice ;
When thousands, warned their lives from doom to
save,
Vowed of the Lord their choice.

They speak of Pisgah, whence the promised land
Was, as is heaven from earth, afar descried ;
Whilst he, who looked, was kept, by God's command,
On Jordan's hither side.

They speak of Lebanon, whose cedars sprang,
Doomed to be hewn for Zion's temple down ;
Seeming like martyrs, who, with welcome pang,
Gain from the axe their crown.

They speak of Hermon, where the dew distilling
Was made of brother's love an emblem meet ;
And pledged to hearts, God's kindly law fulfilling,
From heaven refreshing sweet.

They speak of Carmel, where the prophet stood,
God's single champion, 'gainst a host of foes ;
And falsehood's priests in slaughtered heaps were
strewed,
At the long conflict's close.

In gentler tone, they speak of that lone mount,
Told of in Scripture, yet without a name,
Where from Christ's lips, as from a sweet calm fount,
A stream of blessings came.

They speak of Tabor, where, begirt with light,
The Saviour in the Godhead's robes was seen ;
And man was shown how saints in heaven grow bright,
Yet wear their earthly mien.

They tell of Olivet, upon whose brow,
Jesus hung weeping on the scene below ;
Breathing for men, as from heaven's height e'en now,
 Love of intensest glow.

Ah, can they fail of Calvary to speak ?
'Twas a low hill, by others cast in shade ;
Yet honoured far beyond earth's loftiest peak ;
 The world's great altar made.

They tell of help from heaven, like that which cheers
A host of sinking warriors, faint and wan,
When bright upon the distant ridge appears
 The ally's coming van.

They tell of prospects of more ample scope,
Than ought possessed in our poor native plain ;
Of toilsome efforts, yet of vigorous hope,
 A higher point to gain.

They tell of clouds, which haunt the ascending way,
Yet of the sunshine, when their region's past ;
Of a long journey, yet a steadier ray,
 And purer air at last.

I bless my God mine is a land of hills,
To which mine eyes I lift, where'er I turn ;
In these a fountain lies, at which faith fills
 Her ever emptying urn.

Instinct.

LOOKING round on nature's tribes,
Doubts I feel at times ensue,
If the phrase, which these describes
Lower than ourselves, be true.

For, when closely these fulfil
All their blest Creator's plan,
Man resisting still his will,
Which is nobler, they or man ?

Tell me not that instinct leads
To their varied actions those :
Man in duty ne'er succeeds,
Save through grace which God bestows.

Since we only need to pray
For an influence strong as theirs,
Have we more of reason, say,
When we so restrain our prayers ?

Would, when duty's seasons come,
Came their ready duty too ;
Praise from lips as little dumb ;
Cheerfulness as bright in hue.

What can, e'en in realms of light,
More secure a holy course,
Than that feelings, pure and right,
Move us with an instinct's force ?

Not Joyous, but Grievous.

MY God, thou count'st it not for wrong,
That 'neath thy chastening hand,
I joy not with the circling throng,
But chilled and silent stand :
I cannot go to thee with song,
Nor dost thou song demand.

Thy stroke was measured, in thine aim,
To reach my shrinking sense ;
And cause it, in my time of blame,
A needful smart dispense ;
Thy blow must tingle through the frame,
To yield a warning thence.

I am not, though thy name I bear,
Exempt from ills of clay ;
And cares of earth, which others tear,
Make me alike their prey :
I cannot be of bliss the heir,
Till comes the natal day.

Joy must to me, like all about,
Be friend I soon must leave ;
And gladness, by a crossing doubt,
Foretells a time to grieve :
The brightest days, in wearing out,
Have saddened hues of eve.

Seldom the bonds of love are snapped,
Till stretched to quivering ache ;
The hearts, in dreamy slumber lapped,
Are wildered as they wake ;
The strings, which most for joy are apt,
Are jarred before they break.

Thou dost not, Lord, exact that woe
Should e'er be joy miscalled ;
Only our ills our cure bestow,
When first their touch hath galled ;
We would not deem our sin a foe,
Unless its look appalled.

Thou by each chastening, Lord, intend'st,
Roughly to cleanse a stain :
And suffering with the teaching blend'st,
That stamped the lore remain :
I would not mar what thou amend'st,
By making less the pain.

I would not pray that sorrow cease,
Till sorrow's work be done :
Nor deem I e'er can reach to peace,
Before the fight is won :
I'd weep, and, as I weep, increase
The speed with which I run.

Thou wouldst not that we check the flow,
Which yields content to grief :

But rather that through tears may grow
Grace in its ripened sheaf ;
Thou 'dst bring a happy harvest so,
Without the withering leaf.

I ask thee, Lord, to change in kind
My pang, but not in force ;
And cause the troublings of the mind
To flow in gospel course ;
I would not mourn the ill assigned,
But sin which formed its source.

Give me a fate, which though 'tis now
Grievous, not joyous, found,
Hath heart which trusts, and asks not how,
To find the coil unwound :
Grief with such field of grace endow,
That treasures thence redound.

Make me to weep as Jesus wept,
When, at the gloomy cave,
He bade be loosed the bonds which kept
Four days in torpid grave :
And prayer which rose, 'mid tears which crept,
Was strong from grief to save.

Saul.

FIRST of Israel's kingly line,
Thine were many kingly woes ;

Called to reign by will divine,
Yet whom fretful rebels chose
Thou for ruler wast not owned,
Till Jehovah was dethroned.

Found amidst the prophets first,
That the land might thence be told,
Kings should e'en as priests be nursed,
And the Spirit's unction hold ;
Fearful was thy sceptre's cost,
Godliness in greatness lost.

Thee imperial frailties bowed ;
Now a tyrant's anger venting ;
Weak compliance with the crowd
Now for thine excuse presenting ;
Then, in tears, like thunder's rain,
Pouring a repentance vain.

Thou of love by pomp wast reft ;
Doomed a daughter's fraud to bear ;
Of thy first-born to be left,
For thy hated stranger heir :
Ne'er the music of thy place
Could thine evil spirit chase.

All thy grandeur did but mock,
When of God for king rejected ;

When thou sought'st the battle's shock,
Wizard spells alone directed ;
And thy haughty haste to die
Was but heathen bravery.

Strangely doth thy story point
To a truth which saints may shake ;
Thee did God for his anoint,
Leader thee in Israel make ;
Thine was yet a fallen state,
Ending in a doubtful fate.

From the Depths.

LORD, there are depths from which to raise
A cry, yet not of pain :
A voice, which strives for vent in praise,
And stirs a gladsome strain,

Joy hath its depths, as well as woe ;
Like pool in summer stream ;
In which to plunge brings pleasant glow,
Yielded in sunny gleam.

Joy hath a morn for which to wait,
And chide the lingering night ;
Yet not for change of wearied state,
But dawn of fresh delight.

Deeper than plummet-line can trace,
 When dropped from heaven above,
 The joy, O God, which wins thy grace,
 And ne'er exhausts thy love.

Passing Deaths.

DEATH passed by, and he bore away
 One from a neighbouring door :
 And I joyed to think that his destined prey
 He took not from out my store.

Death passed by on the other side,
 With another ; yet I was full :
 And I felt as though it would ne'er betide,
 That Death would my blossoms pull.

But the next occasion that Death passed by,
 He took what I held most dear ;
 And I learned how the sickle I may not defy,
 When reaping the ridges near.

The Mote and the Beam.

RIGHTLY thy brother's failings to descry,
 Thou must be taught, vain man, thine own to
 note ;
 First must thou pluck the beam from out thine eye,
 Ere thou canst clearly see thy brother's mote.

The fault, which in thy neighbour looks so large,
If in thyself thou searchedst for the same,
Thou 'dst find were laid as justly to thy charge,
And brought perchance to thee the heavier blame.

When thou condemn'st, with harsh and brief resolve,
As thou thy brother at thy bar assum'st,
The act of judgment may itself involve
That very sin thou so severely doom'st.

Only because thy mind avoids to think
On ought in thee, which bears the self-same mark,
Or views it in some fancied merit sink,
Thou to thy kindred error art so dark.

All are affected in the self-same kind ;
Each in his fellow may his likeness trace ;
When thou esteem'st thy brother to be blind,
Thou 'rt seen by others in no different case.

What follows? That whene'er may come to light
Errors, or frailties, by another shown,
That which thou chiefly gainest from the sight,
Is guidance thereby to detect thine own.

Pass on thy brother's sin the milder vote ;
Thine own deserving harsher sentence deem ;
Look on thy brother's failing as a mote ;
But, as like beam 'twere large, thy fault esteem.

Couch thine own eye, that thou may'st clearly see
 Thy brother in the way of right to lead ;
 Or, with what light betwixt you both may be,
 Together on a path of love proceed.

It is Well.

ONCE to questioner who cried,
 Is it well thy hearth beside ?
 Thus a burdened heart replied,
 ' It is well.'

She had lost what nearest lay,
 And in harshly seeming way ;
 Yet she stilled her breast to say,
 ' It is well.'

To the core the question stung ;
 Yet all wrath aside she flung,
 And to that brief answer clung,
 ' It is well.'

Give us, Lord, a heart like hers ;
 Faith which ever grace infers ;
 And in sorest loss avers
 It is well.

Teach us, Lord, though ne'er a ray
 Show the reason of thy way,
 Still with breast restrained to say
 It is well.

She of old who used the phrase,
Found at length a cause for praise :
Faith may rest, till grace displays
How 'tis well.

Oft a boon unasked thou send'st,
Then the blessing rudely rend'st :
Thou some unseen good intend'st :
It is well.

Thou the prized and prayed for lot
Giv'st not, though we bear no blot :
Gained, we would have thee forgot :
It is well.

Sorrows sting, and riches fly :
Dear ones pass from sight on high :
There was need we learned to die ;
It is well.

Only till the morn 'tis night :
Faith will turn at last to sight :
Light be clear, when 'tis thy light ;
It is well.

The Double Life.

I BEAR a double life within ; and each with other
strives,
Like foes in mortal combat set, till only one survives :

The flesh against the spirit wars ; and as on battle-field,

Are wounds, and moans, and triumph tones ; and neither found to yield.

Or 'tis as in the mother's womb, when brother strove with brother ;

And none before the birth could say, if stronger one or other :

'Twas told that to the younger born the elder should give way :

Yet never cleared the truth appeared, before their dying day.

I bear as 'twere a travail time, which only death will end ;

And groanings, which bespeak my pangs, in broken prayers I send ;

In vain affection's voice is tuned, to whisper hope to fear ;

The only thought, by which 'tis wrought, is that the close is near.

Send, O my God, an influence down, to cause the strife to cease ;

The elder nature to subdue, and give the other peace :
Oh, take away this varying will, which things of earth create ;

And let me find the single mind, which fits the changeless state.

The Visit to the Pharisee.

LUKE VII. 36.

CHRIST within my house is met,
As a guest at table set :

Present at the meal we share,
With a blessing on the fare :
Men take note he visits me,
As of yore the Pharisee.

E'en like Simon, I am proud
Of such grace to me allowed ;
To the feast I would invite
Many to behold the sight :
Ah, my heart too much agrees
With the haughty Pharisee's.

Deeming placid what is cold,
Vulgar zeal in scorn I hold ;
Her, who close by Jesus' seat,
Stoops to kiss his wounded feet,
Bathes with tears, with tresses dries,
I as fanatic despise.

Christ, I feel impelled to say,
Ne'er could sanction this display ;
Feelings of such boisterous swell,
Sinner more than common tell ;
All unseemly 'tis that such
Should the heavenly prophet touch.

Then the Saviour, with a look,
 Sweet, yet smiting, gives rebuke ;
 If, he saith, her zeal be keen,
 'Tis that large her grace hath been :
 Measure due it only proves,
 Much forgiven that much she loves.

Which, he asks, of those who owe
 Debts they find a friend forego,
 Most will prize the boon bestowed ?
 Surely he the most who owed.
 So, or e'er to words they rise,
 Christ subdues each harsh surmise.

Christ, as we the more confer,
 Shows in what I yield to her :
 Points how much my formal rites
 Lack, in one who Christ invites ;
 Proves my debt e'en hers above,
 Only colder is my love.

A Childish Incident.

AN infant on the floor was racing,
 On bended arms and knees ;
 Speeding along, yet nothing chasing ;
 When straight it somewhat sees.

A sunbeam, through the window glancing,
 Took to the floor its way ;

The babe, towards the spot advancing,
Stooped down, and kissed the ray.

An instinct, in its bosom stirring,
The sense of beauty woke ;
And, heedless of contempt incurring,
Its infant homage spoke.

Straightway I felt the child reproving
The coldness of my heart ;
Which not heaven's brightest ray is moving
To grateful, loving part.

Prayer for the Erring.

I THINK, O erring one, were I
Now 'midst the blissful band above,
I would for thee to God apply
With more of gain, to more of love :
And reap the pardon for thy sin,
Which here I seem unmeet to win.

Then straight the thought occurs to chide ;
God is as near me here as there ;
And Christ as fully by my side,
To cherish and to help my prayer :
And sense of part in me more mean
Stirs me on mightier love to lean.

Duty.

LORD, I have by thy grace been aided
Somewhat the things I ought to do ;
And though with imperfection shaded,
My course was duty in its hue.

Yet, howsoe'er this end attaining,
I ever found one sting behind ;
The thought at duty's close remaining,
That 'twas not done with duteous mind.

Thy law mine aim hath still directed,
Without the blame of straying far ;
But coldly I its rules respected,
Nor felt them friendly, as they are.

I square my conduct to my neighbour,
Exempt from all reproach to prove ;
Yet rouse myself, as if to labour,
Rather than drawn by kindness move.

I give to sentiments expression,
Of trusting faith, and holy zeal ;
And still my breast hath not possession
Of all the words import I feel.

I'd deem that I no more than borrowed
The Christian's name without his heart,
Did I not feel I truly sorrowed,
For lack of duty's better part.

Gazing on some who seem all gladness,
In path of right securely trod,
I bear a while an envious sadness,
Then turn, and onward sternly plod.

I know it is at times a trial,
Which e'en the best of saints must bear,
That duty hath of joy denial,
Where joy appears its rightful share.

He, in the vineyard who engages,
Must this, as possible, forecast,
To do his work without his wages,
Save in one mighty sum at last.

Then either with thy grace supply me,
That duty better garb may don :
Or, if thou still intend'st to try me,
Lord, give me grace to labour on.

The faith, which o'er its duty weepeth,
Because of duteous feeling void,
Fast by a gracious promise keepeth,
Of duty all as bliss enjoyed.

Aims, which are here asunder riven,
In union will be known above ;
And duty will be found in heaven
Only another name for love.

Nicodemus.

SHUN not to cherish thoughts of Christ,
Though shame may hide them from the light;
For he of old was not despised,
Who came to Christ by night.

Feel'st thou, like him, a fear invade,
Lest men the Christian name accord?
Still go, in secret and in shade,
To meet a waiting Lord.

Steal to the Saviour, when the glare
Of busy restless day hath flown;
And list his word, with no one there,
Save him and thee alone.

A master thou in Israel thought,
May'st find the gospel hard to learn;
Fear not; thou shalt by Christ be taught,
Ere thou the mode discern.

Thou wilt good progress make betimes,
If thou the path begun pursue;
As he, of whom I weave these rhymes,
Was found of old to do.

No more his onward course we mark,
Till, to a sceptic throng, we see
Him, who once groped amid the dark,
Maintain for Christ the plea.

We find an untraced path again,
Till Christ's expiring groan had burst ;
And where was Nicodemus then,
 So fearful found at first ?

With those he went, who, meekly bold,
The Saviour's broken body sought ;
And round it purest vestments rolled,
 With sweetest spices fraught.

So thou, whose faith began with shame,
May'st find it grow, through grace divine,
Till thou, in face of all, wilt claim
 The Saviour slain for thine.

Hope.

THE deepest darkness is the calmest time,
 To those who wait and look for prime :
'Tis when the cheating gleams bespeak the morn,
 The gloom impatiently is borne.
 Hope with perfect light agrees not ;
 Then 'tis hope no more ;
 Patiently for what it sees not
 Waits, till night be o'er.

Safety he only seeks, who hopes to find ;
 And hope itself unchains the mind ;
The weakness which we fear by fear is wrought,
 Which turns into a truth the thought.

'Tis by fears, which else enslave us,
Quelling, grace hath scope :
Trusting to the pledge it gave us,
We are saved by hope.

Count it not hope, that on a final fall
Merely thou never think'st at all ;
Or deem'st thy God so good as not reject,
Though ne'er thou on his ways reflect.
Hope is formed by earnest musing
On the bliss beyond :
Hope to shield the boon from losing,
Faith must seal the bond.

It needs not, on thy pilgrimage below,
A Pisgah height, the end to show :
Thy path thou may'st but trace a short way on,
Yet doubt not that thou right hast gone.
Hope will yield a full assurance,
When thou know'st thy guide ;
Rousing still to fresh endurance,
To the end abide.

Thou may'st not, to uphold thee on thy way,
Expect an unremitting ray ;
The day and night have turns, yet so that night
Assures us of alternate light.
Saints, when midnight foes are round them,
For the hold must grope ;

E'en when doubts and darkness bound them,
Prisoners there of hope.

Whoso on heavenward course receives a check,
Needs not to deem the storm a wreck ;
All will be well, hold but the anchor fast,
Out through the veil of darkness cast.
Hope is, to the soul it stayeth,
Anchor ne'er to fail,
When its hold on Christ it layeth,
Gone within the veil.

Torment there is in fear, and sting in doubt,
Only by perfect love cast out :
Love is imperfect in these realms of earth,
Because of faith and hope in dearth.
Faith obtains more firm foundation,
Built on higher ground ;
Rich with wealth of new creation,
Saints in hope abound.

Hope to the end, though thou 'gainst hope believe,
Nor see'st thy method to receive :
E'en as of yore the friend of God by name,
Whose faith a righteousness became.
Go with God, although unknowing
Whither 'tis thou go'st ;
Patience to experience growing ;
Hope of both composed.

Hope hath the brow erect, the cheek unblenched,
 The smile by no misgivings quenched :
 Faintness it rouseth, and 'gainst fear protects ;
 And bravely owns what it expects.
 Christ be made thy hope, and boldly
 Own the mercy claimed ;
 Ne'er, though roughly met, or coldly,
 Of thy hope ashamed.

Hope is of holiness the seed to those,
 Whose hope a holy object knows ;
 Whoso a pure beloved one hopes to win,
 Strives to be free alike from sin.
 Hope in Christ the saints constraineth
 To be pure as he ;
 Then their hope its end attaineth,
 When himself they see.

The Alternative.

IF the fortune I would crave,
 Comes, and my disquiet ends,
 'Tis thy hand, O Lord, to save
 From the fall which else impends.

If the boon I do not gain,
 And the fall I dread is met,
 'Tis thy hand, O Lord, to train
 For a bliss awaiting yet.

Readiness to Die.

LIFE is a feast,
Which will soon have ceased ;
And when called, I may not delay the least ;
Then let me bend
Mine ear, to attend
To every sound which may warning lend.

Every day,
Lord, let me say,
Is this the last of mine earthly stay ?
For the journey dressed,
Like a parting guest,
Ready to hie to home, and rest.

The Prodigal Son.

LUKE XV. 11.

THE tale, which in God's Book narrates
The prodigal's career and end,
In me a conscious thought creates,
Of sin and shame which his transcend.

Thinking how much of grace divine
'Midst all my waywardness hath smiled,
I feel a double name is mine,
Not only prodigal, but spoiled.

So constant hitherto hath been
The sunshine of my Father's look,
That come the least reverse between,
Its shade impatiently I brook.

So little have I chastening felt,
That when it strikes a needful blow,
I do not to contrition melt,
But sink into a sullen woe.

With less of awe than him of old,
I do not from my Father fly ;
But sin with a presumption bold,
E'en when to God approaching nigh.

He was by want alone subdued
To gather husks from off the ground ;
But garbage I have made my food,
With wholesome cheer in plenty round.

Greater than his might be my fear ;
Yet greater is the grace I know ;
My Father still hath kept so near,
I need not far for pardon go.

No elder brother, proud and stern,
Whilst he his own obedience vaunts,
Strives, if he may, away to turn
The needed grace by scoffs and taunts.

My better elder brother pleads
His merits that my doom may cease ;
Himself towards the Father leads,
And soothes the prodigal to peace.

The Essentials.

WHAT is wealth ? and where its hoard ?
'Tis not in the mine or chest ;
Wealth is what wealth may afford,
Peace and bounty in the breast :
If the feelings be possessed,
Thou hast ample riches stored.

What is pleasure ? use the test ;
Wine, and dance, and song, are not ;
'Tis in life enjoyed with zest,
Or in care and wrong forgot :
If content make bright thy lot,
Thou hast pleasure of the best.

What is fame, or rank, or power ?
Try what gives in each delight :
Not the incense of the hour,
But the consciousness of height ;
Be thou but a child of light,
None above thy heaven can tower.

What is life ? 'tis not in breath,
 Warmth, or strength, or hue comprised ;
 These, a daily warning saith,
 May be perfect, yet thou diest ;
 If thy life be hid with Christ,
 This is life that knows not death.

Made to Differ.

WHO maketh me to differ, Lord ?
 Thou only, by thy will ;
 Who break'st with others' fate accord,
 By sending less of ill.

I cannot journey through the day,
 Nor meet some piteous case,
 Which makes me upward look, and say,
 I differ by thy grace.

I see behind me, lagging faint,
 Some who were first at prime ;
 Thine both the impulse and restraint,
 Through which in front I climb.

Only thy hand hath saved the fall,
 So largely viewed around :
 Through thee, whilst fears so many gall,
 I stand on solid ground.

Too much akin in sin's degrees,
To earthliest of my line,
Thou mak'st to differ, Lord, from these,
By grace which keeps me thine.

I work and walk in gospel light,
Whilst others sigh for dawn,
Only because o'er me is bright
Thy sun, from these withdrawn.

I hold a Saviour full in view,
Vainly by others sought ;
Only because thy guidance true
Hath faith to sureness brought.

Lord, if so different prove my fate,
So should the hymn I raise ;
The grace, which is by contrast great,
Should louder make the praise.

Self-Examination.

IS it well with thee, my heart ?
Say I day by day ;
Chime thy feelings with thy part ;
Or discordant stray ?
Sing to Christ thy hymn ; and then
Find the harmony again.

Is it well with thee, my heart ?
Cause there is to ask,
When, for fear 'twill bring thee smart,
Thou declin'st thy task.
Think how Christ to death went up ;
Then in meekness drain thy cup.

Is it well with thee when pride
Lifts so high its claim ?
Or when wealth is worth implied,
And its lack is shame ?
Think how Christ from heaven came down ;
See in lowliness thy crown.

Is it well with thee, when care
Binds, as ne'er 'twould break ?
Or when worldling's scornful air
Leaves behind such ache ?
More thy Lord in glory see :
Then all earth beneath will be.

Is it well with thee, when crowds
Whirl on pleasure's drifts ?
Or when lonely gloom enshrouds,
'Midst thy Maker's gifts ?
Go by night to Christ, and hear
Chiding which will come like cheer.

Is it well with thee, when love
Keeps such selfish aim ?

Or, unruled by ought above,
 Glows with earthly flame?
Christ amidst his throes descry:
Learn what is the love on high.

Is it well with thee, when sin
 Taints, nor leaves a pang?
Or when evil thoughts within
 Bite with serpent's fang?
Place thy cross thy Lord's beside;
There thy sin be crucified.

Is it well with thee, when death
 Fades from out thy view?
Or when dread of parting breath
 Blancheth action's hue?
Think in dying Christ to meet;
Then the place to reach be sweet.

Ridley and Latimer.

THE sent of Christ went two by two,
 His gospel's grace to teach:
And lo! where comes a pair as true,
 In weightier mode to preach;
Two martyrs, with the fire in view,
 To light their parting speech.

The one of gentle stock was born,
In gentle nurture bred ;
And, like a book which gems adorn,
The gospel round he spread :
Arrayed in vestment rich that morn,
Towards his crown he sped.

The other was a yeoman's son,
Yet once as high in seat ;
By him, in bishop's place, was done
The pastor's work complete ;
And many souls to Christ he won,
By words of anvil heat.

And now, in common gown of frieze,
He trod his native ground ;
His Bible hanging to his knees,
To leathern girdle bound :
And seen beneath in fluttering breeze,
His shroud around him wound.

They kissed each other at the stake,
Like brothers of one race ;
They knelt, and prayed that God would wake
The land to know his grace :
Then words the yeoman's son outspake,
Which since have marked the place.

All through the crowd the accents ran,
Like trumpet for the fight ;

‘Up, brother Ridley, play the man ;
We shall a candle light,
Which ever, do they what they can,
Shall burn in England bright.’

The old man, ’midst the lighted brands,
Stood in his shroud serene ;
And bathed amidst the flames his hands,
As though he washed them clean :
Like one, who quick from tempest lands,
He soon to die was seen.

The other’s was a harder death ;
The flames appeared to spare :
And still, ‘I cannot burn,’ he saith,
Then lifts a patient prayer ;
At last he slept, with unheard breath,
Beside his brother there.

The fire was soon extinct, whose blaze
To death the martyrs gave ;
But still the candle pours the rays,
Which sparkled from their grave ;
And, in its light, we chant their praise,
Our holy, and our brave.

The Timepiece.

THE timepiece keeps its equal pace,
’Midst joy or sorrow near ;

And strikes at the accustomed place,
 Though none be by to hear.

Give me, my God, as calm to move,
 Through life's most chequered hour ;
 Nor less in duty punctual prove,
 Though none may mark its power.

My timepiece—'tis of ancient date—
 Warns of the hour at hand ;
 So brings me an expectant state,
 And listening makes to stand.

Give me, my God, such warning sound,
 'Midst things to nature dumb,
 As makes me prompt and waiting found,
 For stroke which needs must come.

The Cause of Woe.

ALL things on this earthly ball
 Yield me discontent and gall ;
 But myself the most of all.

Be the sun however bright,
 In myself I spy a blight,
 And my noonday turns to night.

All my cares in one have root ;
 Hate of self brings forth, for fruit,
 Hate of all things else to boot.

Vain successive scenes to try ;
Dim the brightest prospects lie,
Darkened by the tearful eye.

Fixed I find the penal law ;
Ne'er from self can I withdraw,
Therefore ne'er from earth, the flaw.

Oh to reach that blissful sphere,
Where, in sight of self as clear,
All things else will bright appear.

A Prayer at Night.

MY God, I knew not why thou seem'dst to keep
Mine eyes from sleep :

Long hours went past the same ;
Restless and dark ; and still no slumber came.

Then rose the thought of one, for whom there lay
A call to pray ;

Who help and comfort lacked,
More than I deemed, till night impressed the fact.

Nought else I had but prayer to give him aid ;
Yet had not prayed :

My heart, with self engrossed,
In busy daylight thought of him had lost.

Now I perceived how God, for duty's sake,
 My slumbers brake ;
 I prayed ; in hope that so
 I had, by waking, saved a friend from woe.

Wishes.

WISHES are wings, on which we fly,
 From evils keenly felt ;
 Yet found, as we ascend on high,
 Like those of old to melt.

Wishes are wheels, which motion give
 To action's varied course ;
 Yet, when they no result achieve,
 Expend a useless force.

Wishes are flowers, which rashly blow
 Before their proper time ;
 No marvel oft they undergo
 A withering in their prime.

Wishes are vehicles for sin,
 To roam all earth about ;
 Indulgences allowed within,
 For virtue shown without.

Wishes are prayers, to chance addressed ;
 Hands which in air are spread ;

Divorce from happiness possessed,
An unknown joy to wed.

Wishes are discontents in mask ;
Envy in fancy's glow ;
A truancy from duty's task ;
The opium pipe of woe.

Wishes are acts of rudeness done
To him who spreads the feast ;
Demands, or e'er 'tis well begun,
For luxuries increased.

Before thee is an ample dish ;
Take, man, and eat thy fill ;
And henceforth, let the creature's wish
Be the Creator's will.

Under Subjection.

LORD, thou hast freed me from the fear,
Which long my heart possessed ;
Yet would I ne'er, 'mid gospel cheer,
One barrier show transgressed ;
I seek thy law's whole breadth to hear,
By lips of love expressed.

I would not from thy grace infer
Ought which impairs thy sway ;

But feel the more forbid to err,
The less constraint there lay :
I'd know thy whispered hint aver
More than thy thunders say.

Thou, like a parent, Lord, hast set
Each child his daily round ;
And risk there lies of snaring net,
On devious wanderings found :
I feel a glowing shame, if met
Beyond my proper bound.

Thou giv'st, O God, thy law as rule
Love on its path to guide ;
And faith to clear straight course to school,
Which else would steer too wide :
He who is of the Saviour full,
Keeps most the Teacher's side.

'Tis of thy wisdom, Lord, and grace,
Man by plain hest to bind ;
Nor leave him, where thou sett'st no trace,
Spontaneous way to find :
Only is run the heavenward race,
Where God the course assigned.

I look to thee, my God, as King,
Claiming allegiance true ;
And tribute like a subject bring,
Before thou com'st to sue :

'Tis not from Cæsar ought to wring,
To give to God his due.

I am thy soldier, pledged and sworn,
By vow of holy leaven ;
And wait thy leading, eve and morn,
Each day of all the seven :
There must be hardness, meekly borne,
By him who fights for heaven.

I am thy servant, prompt to plod
For thee, tow'rds righteous end ;
Nor find a wrong in chastening rod,
Nor toil with grudge to blend :
The servant, in the home of God,
Is ever called a friend.

O Saviour, who by suffering learn'dst
The obedience of a son,
Well from thine own the pledge thou earn'dst
Of kindred course begun :
Thou, in thy toil, O Saviour, yearn'dst
For hearts with thine at one.

I would not stint my lowly mood
To prayer on bended knee ;
But make by action understood
My service, Lord, to thee :
I'd bear the willing bond to good,
Which speaks the truly free.

Take, Lord, from this poor heart the pride,
 Which scorns e'en thine employ ;
 The sloth which throws its task aside,
 By love to thee destroy :
 This will as heaven's chief mark betide,
 To know subjection's joy.

Still 'tis of right the sum and fruit,
 Lord, that thy will be done ;
 Whoso beneath thy word is mute,
 Starts first thy way to run :
 Each act to thy command to suit
 Is highest virtue won.

The Ten Virgins.

QUICKLY the day goes past ;
 Night is descending fast ;
 Then comes the bridegroom, girt by glittering
 numbers :
 Lies all the Church asleep ?
 Wakes there not one to keep
 Watch for the hour, and rouse the rest from slumbers ?

All slumber ; sealed the eyes
 Alike of fool and wise ;
 Each one weak nature's rest securely tasteth ;

What though tired folly's dream
Show the more dazzling gleam,
Wisdom's repose the hours as idly wasteth.

All sleep, untouched by ought
Of sting by conscience brought ;
Each to awake long ere 'tis needful thinketh :
At times, as grows the shade,
Some one will start afraid,
And list awhile ; then back to slumber sinketh.

What though of man unblamed,
Or pure as virgins named ;
Virgins may slumber, though their dreams be holy ;
Each hath the gospel light ;
Yet, mid the chill cold night,
The lamp, untrimmed, wanes into darkness slowly.

Lord, what were earth's poor race,
If some thy kindling grace
Held not, though for a season idly hoarded ?
Pure ones, when comes the cry,
Forth will to meet thee hie,
With light renewed, from store long-kept afforded.

Alas, as many sleep,
Who, waking but to weep,
Will find extinguished lamps, nor oil to light them ;

All round will try in vain
 Their lacking help to gain ;
 Then see the close shut door their sloth requite them.

Watch ; for thou hast no power
 To fix, or tell, the hour,
 When from this slumbering world thy Saviour calleth ;
 See that thy lamp be bright ;
 Trim, with fresh grace, the light ;
 And don the wedding-robe, ere darkness falleth.

The Sufferings Behind.

O SAVIOUR, can I e'er disdain
 Ought which may liker make to thee ?
 Or murmur with thee to agree,
 In mental ache, or fleshly pain ?

I cannot in thy death partake,
 Unless my cross resemblance show ;
 Nor, save by fellowship in woe,
 To fellowship in bliss awake.

I must within thy grave lie down,
 As bed from weariness and care ;
 Or ne'er thy resurrection share,
 Or take thy wing to win thy crown.

Oh strange deep grace, which leaves to man
Some of his Saviour's throes behind ;
So, by Christ's pangs, to form Christ's mind ;
And, in his Church, fill up his plan.

The Truth Witnessed.

I JOHN V. 7, 8.

THERE was a truth so vast,
That none but God could e'er have
known or taught it ;
It had the ken surpassed
Of all heaven's hosts, who countless years had sought it.

It was, that guilty man
Might to God's love be, as of right, entitled ;
Yet such should be the plan,
That not one line of justice prove unsettled.

No angel could discover
How seeming contradictions could be solved,
Though, with all time turned over,
These every way of Providence revolved.

Who could e'er deem that God
Himself would all his law's requirements pay :
Which to archangels showed
A lesson how they better might obey ?

Angels disdained to borrow
Ought from the human frame, except its beauty ;
God took its pain and sorrow,
And groaned and toiled beneath a servant's duty.

'Twas needful sin should bear
The appointed doom his righteous laws reveal :
God took what was man's share ;
Nor only bore, but stretched his power to feel.

This truth divine God showed
Both to the listening heaven and drowsy earth ;
Yet in a different mode,
As suited each one's fulness, or its dearth.

In heaven the Father uttered
The glorious truth through his eternal Word ;
Which, by the Spirit scattered,
At once through all the bounds of bliss was heard.

Earth needed language plainer,
Fully to know she had retrieved her loss :
So the same Spirit, to gain her,
Spake by the blood and water of the Cross.

Thus three in heaven bear witness ;
Father, and Word, and Spirit, all agree ;
On earth, with equal fitness,
The Spirit, blood, and water, also three.

God's Cure.

GOD is the best physician,
To heal whate'er thy sore ;
He knows of thy condition
Its worst to thee, and more.

Thy deepest wound he probeth,
With pain of wholesome kind ;
And of thy pride disrobeth,
To clothe with better mind.

He gives a bitter potion,
Like what thy Saviour drank ;
To still each wild emotion,
And make for skill to thank.

Thy treatment oft is longer
Than was by hope portrayed ;
But 'tis to make thee stronger,
Than speedier cure had made.

Fret not beneath God's dealing,
Though doubtful to thy thought ;
Thou 'lt reach a point revealing
That all for good hath wrought.

God's skill, all else transcending,
Makes poor each human feat ;
Death is not luckless ending ;
Death is the cure complete.

Good and Evil.

O GOD, who, when thou mad'st the day,
Also decreedst the night,
Ne'er can we gain from thee a ray,
Except of fading light.

Still, as a cloud o'erspreads the sun,
It stirs the thought anew,
'How from God's hand should good be won,
Nor evil rendered too?'

Yet rightly thee All-Good we name,
Whate'er the changes wrought ;
Ill is from God with good the same,
If to good issue brought.

'Tis not that less of woe we need,
But woe more understood ;
For ill, O God, to all thy seed,
Is different mode of good.

The Church Bell.

L IST to the bell,
Which to church invites,
As sounding the knell,
Of all vain delights.

Earthly pleasures be reckoned dead ;
And buried with Christ in a rocky bed ;
With all the perfumes and the spices shed ;
That a living joy may rise instead.

Christian, thus thy thoughts arrange ;
And the bell its notes will change.

It rings thee now,
As with speed increased,
To a marriage vow,
And a marriage feast :
It calls thee to bridal garments white ;
To song and to banquet, and wide-spread light ;
And to lean on Christ's bosom, of all in sight,
Like John, through the whole communion night.

A Lesson from the Sky.

LOOK from thy casement, man, and see
Signs of thy God's control o'er thee ;
Mark how the sky is changing still,
At his, and never at thy will.

The day proceeds, or dark or bright,
Thee and thy thoughts, and schemes, despite :
God makes its hue what he deems fit ;
And thou canst nothing but submit.

Thou fixest thy to-morrow's way ;
God, by his floods, compels to stay :
Thou lay'st a plan of festive sport ;
God, by his tempest, cuts it short.

Thou say'st 'twill all the day be fair,
And therewith mak'st thy projects square ;
In one short hour, the cloud-sent gush
Derides thy skill, and wakes thy blush.

Trace, then, in thy most common day,
A sovereign God, in full display :
In every turn to dim or clear,
The hand which rules thy fate appear.

Lessons, which make thee meek, be drawn
From things familiar as the dawn :
And every change, in nature round,
Bow thee in spirit to the ground.

Comparing with the day thy life,
Be with thy God no more at strife :
Thy fate no more make wroth, or proud,
Than doth the daily sun or cloud.

Still, from thy casement, look away
Each fretful thought which would betray ;
God's sway is by his sky made known ;
It needs not thou shouldst see his throne.

The Alterative.

NOT only surfeits may derange,
But even sameness in the food ;
We must for wholesomeness have change
In what is good.

We are not angels, nor can feed
On manna every day alike ;
We must to varied work proceed,
Or feebly strike.

God hath a wise physician's skill ;
He gives a change of task and grace ;
Prayers, holy thoughts, kind act, or will,
For toil to brace.

The Sabbath comes like med'cine made
Of cheerful rest, and healthful air ;
And holy song is lawful aid
The toil to bear.

Prayer without Ceasing.

FILL the day with prayer, through thoughts which
make
Each common act an answering prayer awake.

Morning's dawn excites to pray
 For the inward gospel day ;
 Whilst my outward frame I lave,
 Cleansing in Christ's blood I crave ;
 Whilst my outward frame I dress,
 Clothing in Christ's righteousness ;
 As each daily meal I eat,
 I beseech the heavenly meat ;
 As I seek the accustomed door,
 Entrance to heaven's home implore ;
 When I ply the wonted task,
 Speed to work divine I ask ;
 When at eve my garb I doff,
 Grace to cast corruption off ;
 When for sleep my eyes I close,
 Death to find as calm repose.

Thus life maintained by prayer's ne'er stopped supply,
 Sure I become at last in prayer to die.

Glimpses.

I LOOK upon thy world abroad,
 O Lord, with searching glance ;
 Yet, whilst to each far nook I plod,
 Scarce I in lore advance :
 I know that all on earth is God ;
 Yet find it seem like chance.

I see thee at a single point,
Then straight I lose the view ;
I meet fresh glimpses to disjoint
What I had fixed as true :
I find no Master to anoint
Mine eyes with vision new.

I read thy Word, with mind intent
Fully its sense to gain ;
And still, at object dimly meant,
Vainly the sight I strain :
It comes like partial message sent,
Made on the morrow plain.

I seek thy glory to behold ;
But find the aim too vast ;
I cannot with success unfold
Thy signs around me cast :
I see thee, Lord, like him of old,
Only when thou hast passed.

Thou giv'st events a shadowy place,
Like forms in misty air ;
And doubtful glimmerings of thy grace
Thy path through these declare :
'Tis but in after view we trace
That thou, the Lord, wast there.

The Cross, to which faith's anxious eyes
Turn to bring sin its cure,

Dim through the heart's corruption lies,
Which makes the air less pure ;
I lose its view, with sad surprise,
Where most its place was sure.

Thy heaven is set too high above,
To see from earth's annoy ;
And e'en thy wing, O spotless Dove,
Scant way I can employ :
Only I guess, when most I love,
What forms of heaven the joy.

Thy will I fain would learn and do ;
But oft thy speech is dark :
And midnight, with no star in view,
Is round, as I embark ;
Dimly, with nought emerging through,
Thy flood bears on thine Ark.

Deign, O my God, thyself to chalk
My path to truth and right :
Make me content that thou shouldst balk
Mine efforts, e'en for light :
Faith is oft trained to heedful walk,
By lack of perfect sight.

Ne'er be thy guidance, Lord, withdrawn,
From life's bewildering way ;
Still check the most, where pleasure's lawn
Yields most of space to stray :

Bring, Lord, this twilight of the dawn
To melt in perfect day.

Make me with partial glimpse content,
As earth's sole portion given ;
The impulse to exertion sent,
Which else had feebly striven :
Defect, which stirs, to stronger bent,
Desire of future heaven.

Now I in darkness fret and mope,
'Midst things obscurely shown ;
And faintly, through the glass, I hope
For light on distance thrown :
Then shall I see in farthest scope,
And know as I am known.

The Whole Armour of God.

EPHESIANS VI. 11-18.

NOT with a fleshly foe is fought
The fight to Christian warrior taught ;
Spirits, with darkness for their mail,
The world for armoury, assail ;
Nought but God's armour may the soul assist ;
Take it, and take it all ; let not one piece be missed.

Ere thou on path of duty fare,
Thou must thy loins upgird with care ;
And prompt be seen, for toil or speed,
From all which might entangle freed :
Gird thee full well with Truth, which, firmly bound,
Prepares thy way to brace thy rest of armour round.

Next on thy breast by guilt exposed,
The hauberk be securely closed :
But ah ! beneath thy proper roof,
Thou hast no mail enough of proof ;
Thou must a borrowed breastplate find supplied ;
Nought but Christ's Righteousness thy doom can turn
aside.

Then on thy feet the sandals tie,
Thence on firm footing to rely ;
Each step, across earth's varied ground,
Steadfast in virtue must be found :
The Gospel Preparation, humbly made,
Bear in thy walk ; and ne'er a fall thy fame will shade.

Raise then the shield of Faith aloft :
And danger's worst of threats be scoffed :
Close to thy heart thou bear'st defence,
In strong, if undropped, confidence :
The darts thy foe with fiery woes anoints,
Faith, if it throws not off, receives, and blunts their
points.

Now is thy chief of armour donned ;
Yet something waits, e'en this beyond :
Ere thou art sent thy foe to meet,
Grace would, at all points, make complete :
Thy Lord, a hope assured to give thy soul,
Salvation's helmet lifts, and therewith crowns the
whole.

Thy Lord, as thou depart'st for fight,
Gives thee a weapon keen and bright ;
Meet both for onset and for guard,
Nor broken by the strokes most hard :
The Spirit's sword, sheathed in the Word which lies,
He gives thee, full drawn forth, that no attack surprise.

Yet to the earthly warrior nought
Avails the costliest armour brought,
Unless, within the mail, there rest
A loyal spirit in the breast :
E'en so, the saint God's armour all may wear,
Yet must be made complete by watchfulness and
prayer.

The Coming of the Holy Ghost.

SEND, Lord, to every heart which waits,
As Christ hath bid, for grace,
An influence which as thine creates,
And fills with thee the place.

By some, like sudden rush from heaven,
 Is felt the Spirit's power ;
 Yet all as much from thee is given
 The might of calmer hour.

Each hath an ardent glow of praise,
 Resting like tongue of fire ;
 Though some but faltering notes can raise,
 Some but the heart's desire.

Cause, Lord, that though no world-wide fame
 The marvel sound abroad,
 Each, in his native tongue, proclaim
 The wondrous work of God.

The Lord's Needs.

'THE Lord hath need of him,' 'twas said,
 When for the path with garments spread,
 The colt was sought, and was bestowed,
 On which to Sion Jesus rode.

'Why loose ye him?' 'twas thus, at first,
 A question from the owner burst ;
 'The Lord hath need of him,' was said ;
 Unhindered he away was led.

'The Lord hath need of it,' we may,
 With kindred acquiescence, say,

When ought, which sweet or dear hath proved,
We find by Christ's command removed.

Frail nature will at first reply,
And seek to know some reason why ;
Straight, through a purer influence shed,
' The Lord hath need of it,' is said.

Find'st thou thy wealth withdraw its gleam ?
God needs it for some bounteous scheme ;
Thy joys ? God needs them, to compose
A solace for some other's woes.

Thy health ? God needs must this withdraw,
Thereby to heal thine inward flaw ;
Thine honours ? God must take these too ;
They keep from brighter far thy view.

Thy comforts ? God must needs have these,
To rouse thee up from sinful ease ;
Thy fame ? God needs e'en this to take,
Thy cold and haughty heart to break.

God must thy merit take by force,
To turn thee into gospel course :
Thy hope must borrow for a while,
To bring repentance to a smile.

Thy spiritual light itself,
Prized oft as much as worldly pelf,

God needs, for some meek saint in bliss,
Lest earth should rival heaven in this.

View'st thou in death from thee to fly
The holiest and the dearest nigh ?
God needs them, the bright ranks to fill,
Of spirits who perform his will.

When thine own life is fleeting fast,
Thy present merging into past,
Think that thy pangs this message bear,
' God needs thy services elsewhere.'

Oh blest, if when, around thy bed,
Hands which would keep thee here are spread,
By thee this comfort can be given,
' The Lord hath need of me in heaven.'

John Wycliffe.

IN England's realm was growing England's might,
Yet with the roughness of a strength unshorn ;
And higher aim, and clearer view of right,
Impelled the shafts in England's quiver borne :
Dimly the night was breaking into morn ;
Men bowed to Rome, but muttered 'neath her yoke,
And ready hands awaited leader's stroke.

There mused, in Oxford's halls, an English heart,
Bred in her homesteads well her pulse to keep ;

A sage in cloister, neighbour in the mart ;
And shrewd in counsel, whilst in learning deep ;
Strong in the harvest of God's Word to reap :
High in the conflicts of the schools his fame ;
'The Gospel Doctor,' in the land his name.

He saw o'errun the realm a motley crew,
Who preached not Christ, but fables framed for gain ;
And planned, by better preaching, to subdue
Their power, and turn to antidote the bane :
He tuned his learning to a homely strain ;
Where'er men thronged, the pulpit straight he placed,
And, with Christ's scourge, the temple's traders chased.

The mightiest sought his might, as surest aid
To conquer human hearts ; stoutly he wrought,
England to keep by foreign priest unswayed ;
And when men left him, all alone he fought.
Of souls redeemed the equal rank he taught :
And, if too far the people's rights he thrust,
Blame not a virtue warped : he was but dust.

He gave to England, glowing from his pen,
The Bible, in his country's speech expressed ;
He made God's Word the talk of common men ;
And stored its milk sincere in mother's breast ;
Of English books he made the first the best ;
He fixed the clear strong Saxon in its page ;
And gave it, with man's hopes, undying age.

He gained not martyr's name, though still prepared
 For martyr's death ; his Lord designed to show
 One, through his hest, by fire and torture spared ;
 And wearing work gave for consuming glow.
 He bore the martyrdom of others' woe ;
 Teaching and toil of parish priest his life ;
 And peace at last, which had with death no strife.

He lay in quiet, whilst the race remained,
 Which would have dared the spoilers ; then, when
 vast
 O'er England grew his stores of truth unfeigned,
 Monks in the brook he loved his ashes cast.
 Men said the brook to Avon bore them fast ;
 Avon to Severn ; Severn to the sea ;
 Dispersed round earth, like what he taught, to be.

Willing in the Day.

WHEN there comes the hour
 Man to save from ill,
 Thine, Lord, is the power,
 Only his the will.

E'en the will he shows,
 From thy power hath place ;
 Since to grace he owes
 All desire of gracé.

Thou so mak'st to bow
Hearts beneath thy sway,
That who homage vow,
Own it still thy day.

Thou the morning's dews
Hast, and mak'st descend ;
Which, through day, diffuse
Brightness to the end.

A Wish Fulfilled.

LET not upon thy thought
One wish remain,
Which, if thou found'st attainment brought,
Would yield a stain.
Lest God thy wish fulfil ;
And foul desire,
Suffered to reach to act from will,
Form its own fire.

Calmness in Prayer.

LIKE one, who, from a vexing scene,
Forth rushes to the air,
And hopes by walking quick to glean
Composing influence there,
So, 'mid my cares, at times hath been
The wildness of my prayer.

I rush towards the heavenly throne,
 With rash unmannered haste ;
 And tell my plaint in boisterous tone,
 With little reverence graced :
 To earthly king such rudeness shown
 Would prompt repulsion taste.

My God, to earthly king unlike,
 Thou, on thy throne of grace,
 Command'st thine angels not to strike
 The suppliant from the place ;
 Thou sooth'st the prayer to calmer vein ;
 So changest to a reverent strain.

Keeping Silence.

OFT in my breast a hidden fire
 Lies like a hidden foe :
 And gathered wrath, or stirred desire,
 Wakes as from spark below :
 Yet must the warmth no words inspire,
 And silence hide the glow.

Too oft the fire its fuel draws
 From sinful thought or aim :
 And, whilst within the conscience gnaws,
 I fear surrounding blame :
 I must not stain the Master's cause,
 By words which bring me shame.

My brother, by offensive act,
My lawful anger moves :
Yet may I not revenge exact,
How deep soe'er the grooves ;
I must be silent when attacked,
Lest Christ the wrath reprovés.

Alas, e'en love of purest flow
Oft must the flow restrain ;
For love may to the loved be woe,
And love refused is pain :
I shrink affection's warmth to show,
Lest I should not maintain.

I grow impatient, when the wheel
Turns not so quick as planned ;
When weak ones lack of wit reveal,
Or fools obstructive stand :
Then must I meet the spur I feel
With check of Christ's command.

I bear affliction, with a throe
Which asks in groans relief :
And deem my ache in speech to show
Would make the torture brief :
Yet must I silent keep the woe,
For dread of others' grief.

Thy judgments, Lord, like lightnings come,
Whereby thou sin consum'st :

Fain would I cry aloud like some ;
But clearer thou illum'st :
I must beneath thy stroke be dumb,
Because 'tis thou that doom'st.

I must be silent, e'en from good,
Where good would ill excite :
And quiet wait, misunderstood,
Till time shall set me right :
I must not truth itself obtrude,
Where truth would kindness blight.

Grace must to joy, though rightly held,
At times give sound less loud ;
Nor cast, to be with scorn repelled,
Its pearls to mocking crowd ;
Faith's boldness by the thought is quelled
Of scoffs at Lord avowed.

I burn with zeal the outcast throng
To bring to gospel morn ;
Yet, when I'd utter, 'Lord, how long ?'
Mutely must bear the thorn :
I must not haste to raise my song,
Till Christ indeed be born.

I must, when at man's judgment-seat
Are harsh revilings stirred,
Have patience, like to his complete,
Who answered ne'er a word ;

E'en with the nails in hands and feet,
Must but one cry be heard.

The soul must be in muteness shriven,
For sins which pride abase ;
And hidden joy, in heart forgiven,
Of thanks is meetest phase :
The silence of a look in heaven
Will yield a seraph's praise.

Loved and Chastened.

I CANNOT doubt thy love, O God ;
For thou hast shown it plain,
By frequent stroke of kindly rod,
And blow of wholesome pain.

I could not claim the name of child,
Without the child's rebuke ;
Nor know a father reconciled,
Till after frowning look.

Thy chastening, Lord, was certain sign
Of care my sins to weed ;
And, by the grace of godly line,
To stamp the chosen seed.

Still with a father's hand thou smot'st ;
And where thine aim was dark,

Thou, by my present weal, denot'st
The good which formed thy mark.

I sought thee, Lord, in erring mode ;
And zeal made strong to stray :
Thy rod my self-willed ardour chode,
And forced to straight plain way.

I could not like my Saviour grow,
Until by suffering trained ;
And semblance, by a softened woe,
Like younger brother's gained.

O Saviour, not alone thy foes
Thy lash from sin must chase ;
Thine own must bear at times thy blows,
E'en in thy holy place.

Thou chastenest whom thou lov'st below,
That love her own may keep :
When brings thy heaven its clear pure glow,
Love will her harvest reap.

God is Light.

GOD is Light : his Spirit moves
O'er the void which dreariest proves :
Through the depths, unstirred which stood,
Light is flashed ; and all is good.

God is Light : he gave the sun,
Duly through the day to run :
Yet the night was not forgot ;
Lights there be for darkest lot.

God is Light ; the doubting mind
Needs but patient heart to find :
'Midst the twilight's wakeful ache,
Truth will like the morning break.

God is Light : he makes the clear
With the holy keep the sphere ;
Whoso all his will would do,
All his truth will compass too.

God is Light : his Word hath shone,
Like a beam from distant throne :
Yielding, as it streams from far,
Warmth of sun, and sway of star.

God is Light : the living Word
Love to stand for light hath stirred :
We, when Christ awakes the ray,
See, and follow in the way.

God is Light : apart from him,
Faint the onward track, and dim :
All the path is plain and bright,
Lit by gleam from heaven in sight.

God is Light : with God for friend,
 Light is garnered for the end :
 Long though lasts the gloomy prime,
 Light will come at evening-time.

Explanations.

WE spend upon a barren field
 At times the wealth of years in vain ;
 And nought can force the soil to yield ;
 'Tis all as plain,
 O man, how God bestows on thee
 An unrequited husbandry.

We check our children in their ways,
 And see them still the wrong maintain ;
 We cannot all the fault erase ;
 'Tis all as plain,
 How God with thee repeats the scourge,
 And cannot into straightness urge.

The rebel, who, from royal lips,
 Succeeds the pard'ning word to gain,
 Oft into double treason slips ;
 'Tis all as plain,
 How oft thou seek'st the throne of grace,
 Then hiest thy pardon to efface.

When love by wrongs is turned to hate,
The hate is of a deeper stain,
Than had the love been not so great ;
'Tis all as plain,
That if thy God be once thy friend,
And left, 'twill darker make thine end.

Thy God, in nature's common course,
In home's events, in friendship's pain,
Speaks to thee with familiar force,
And makes it plain,
How thou against his blessings given,
His care and love, hast sinned and striven.

Yet not to yield reproof alone
He points a clearly uttered strain ;
He wins thine ear by gentler tone,
And renders plain,
By nature's bounties, mortal bonds,
A grace which sweetly corresponds.

The sun that warms, the dews that cool,
The leafy shade, the ripened grain,
The day, of small enjoyments full,
Are signs as plain,
Of kindness in a higher part,
And mercy waiting for thy heart.

By mother's comfort, father's gifts,
By friendship's faith, unknown to feign,

By hand which up from ruin lifts,
 God makes it plain,
 How he to thee, with better love,
 Is Father, Saviour, Friend, above.

Savonarola.

IN Florence were revived the days
 Of Athens, at her proudest date ;
 The azure sky ; the mental blaze ;
 The art refined ; the factious state ;
 The public love, transformed to hate ;
 The contests of alternate powers ;
 The chiefs who were not good, but great
 The sages, in the summer bowers.

A monk had in St. Mark's been spurned,
 For stammering lips, by sneering crowd ;
 Years passed ; and back the voice returned,
 Like wrestler trained for strife avowed ;
 It spake the gospel call aloud,
 In accents of apostle's tongue ;
 And, as one heart, the throng was bowed,
 Beneath the tones which flashed and rung.

His heart had, 'midst the darkness, caught
 The morning star which spake of dawn ;
 And from the truth, corruptly taught,
 The pureness of its essence drawn :

He dragged to choking light the spawn,
Which long religion's depths had held ;
And left, by vigorous arm half-sawn,
The rotting tree which Luther felled.

He stirred the crowd to lofty pitch,
To frenzy of a holy aim :
And gems, and busts, and pictures rich,
They gave for ransom to the flame.
He won for Christ a loud acclaim,
With palms and gauds all strewed before :
And curbed the mass to peaceful frame,
By children sent from door to door.

Alas, the zeal, that soared so high,
Grew dazzled by the sun it neared ;
He thought to hold prophetic eye,
When 'twas himself that hoped or feared :
He deemed the rule, by which was steered
The Church, as well the State could guide ;
And found that what had faith appeared,
Was only faction on his side.

The hour, as to his Master, came,
When those most prompt in praise to vie,
Were first to brand with scorn his name,
And loudest called out ' Crucify.'
He sped, with creed unfurled, on high,
Though fears with faith maintained the fight ;

And God his servant helped to die,
With farewell of a martyr's flight.

In Rome there hangs, on storied wall,
The portrait, gift of Raphael's hand,
Of him who rebel, more than all,
Was, whilst he lived, to Rome's command.
It stands to witness to the land
The truth, which sank not when he died :
And wait the happy time he planned,
Of Rome reformed and purified.

Samson's Riddle.

NOT rightly the solution came,
O thou whose strength all men's surmounted,
When honey from the lion's frame
Was sweetness out of strength accounted.

'Twas not till all the strength had fled,
And quiet reigned in death's completeness,
That bees in that strange hive were bred,
And gave from out of torpor sweetness.

Fit emblem of the sweetness found,
Where grace the death of sin effecteth :
'Tis not when strength and pride abound,
The soul its honied store collecteth :

Tis but when pride's wild strife is past,
And self is stilled to passive meekness,
That grace a sweetness yields at last,
Which is not brought from strength, but weakness.

Rest.

REST on earth is but the name,
Given to what is less turmoil ;
Still the mind exists the same,
Ceasing not within to toil.

All the calm around is vain,
If no calm the heart inspire ;
Restless still till it attain
Something it can ne'er acquire.

Nought avails that there be past
Labour's hot and plodding day,
If the thoughts be forward cast
On to-morrow's equal way.

Rest on earth, when 'tis prolonged,
Grows itself fatigue and care ;
Thought, with idle fancies thronged,
Yields a crowd and whirl to bear.

Rest is here an onward lure,
Fleeting as the tired pursue ;

Homes, which seem for rest secure,
 Form the points to start anew.

Hope not rest on earth ; for rest
 Still is farther on the plain :
 He, who greatest length hath pressed,
 Greater finds for which to strain.

Blest, for whom in truth remains,
 Lord, the rest to thine assured ;
 Yet at times the prospect pains,
 By the contrast now endured.

Heart and lyre I had composed,
 Rest in praises to rehearse ;
 Straight the aching truth, disclosed,
 Broke into this fretting verse.

The Miraculous Draught of Fishes.

THOU gav'st, O Lord, thy servant's heart
 A warning suited to his part,
 When, calling in thy work to share,
 Thou show'dst the trial faith must bear ;
 And how, the fisherman of souls, he might
 Toil, yet withal take nothing, through a long drear
 night

Yet show'dst thou that, when hope might die,
Still he must on thy word rely ;
Nor cease to ply the holy craft,
Expectant of the promised draught :
And might at last a load so heavy gain,
As finds his own poor means too feeble to sustain.

Thy lesson, Lord, hath wondrous power
To rouse in disappointment's hour :
E'en when my worldly toils are vain,
I find thy Word my course ordain ;
And, feeling thy command upon me set,
I yet once more let down in the dark sea my net.

A holy influence brings the text,
To faith when 'tis by failure vexed :
Or virtue, when it bears the pain
To strive, yet never to attain :
Patient amidst the gloom, we wait the dawn,
When Christ will speak the word, and the full net be
drawn.

Unworthy are we, Lord, to see
Such wonders wrought to bring to thee ;
Thy grace at first so great appears,
It wakes not hopes, so much as fears :
Like Peter's, our first impulse is to say,
'Lord, we are sinful men, thou must from us
away.'

Yet, like the apostle on his knees,
We gain our comfort by degrees ;
In the same posture at thy feet,
Our lips the vow of faith repeat :
And, though from net and boat thou mayst not call,
We are prepared, for thee, at once to part from all.

Prayer Ended.

THE prayer which I so long maintained
Ceaseth at last to rise ;
For now its farthest scope is gained,
And sure in tenure lies.

And still, although in varied mode,
The theme in prayer remains ;
The thoughts, which in petition flowed,
Have now of praise the strains.

Not less the subject holds its place
Before a mind intent ;
Though now no more requests to trace,
But only thanks present.

Communion with my God 'tis still,
In different mould though cast ;
The form to which, with end of ill,
All prayer will turn at last.

The Lord hath Helped.

An Anniversary Poem.

I SAMUEL VII. 12.

WHAT the best befits the day ?
'Tis to pause upon the way,
Raise the stone, and thankful say,
Hitherto the Lord hath helped.

Years have passed with scarce a shade ;
Fears arising but to fade ;
What the sky so cloudless made ?
Hitherto the Lord hath helped.

Duty oft with weakness fought ;
Yet was seldom failure brought :
Strength was ever in the thought,
Hitherto the Lord hath helped.

Dear ones seemed at times to sink ;
Then were saved on danger's brink ;
Well their rescue made to think,
Hitherto the Lord hath helped.

Sometimes, on a desert led,
Doubts awoke of daily bread ;
Then we thought, and fears were fled,
Hitherto the Lord hath helped.

Sin too often fixed a stain ;
 Wrought us blame, and brought us pain ;
 Still restoring grace to gain
 Hitherto the Lord hath helped.

Gloom at times was all about,
 Nursed within, where not without ;
 Yet to cast the tempter out
 Hitherto the Lord hath helped.

Tears we might not check to flow,
 For our own, or others' blow :
 In our tears to Christ to go
 Hitherto the Lord hath helped.

'Midst the cares and joys assigned,
 Heaven at times was lost from mind :
 Yet the road again to find
 Hitherto the Lord hath helped.

Now we nothing dread before us ;
 On, the grace will bear, which bore us ;
 Still the thought like banner o'er us,
 Hitherto the Lord hath helped.

Inconsistency.

THY grace, O God, is firm and sure ;
 But I am light and vain ;

Ill deeds with good, foul thoughts with pure,
Alternate sway maintain :
Ne'er I on one fixed course endure,
Where most the chart is plain.

I bend before thee in thy shrine,
Then join the heathen band ;
And gaze on rites, which are not mine,
Yet taint if only scanned :
I mar thy loneliness divine,
By other gods at hand.

I seek the mercy freely met,
Which thy blest words denote ;
Then straightway, for some paltry debt,
I seize a brother's throat :
I the stern judgment, 'gainst me set,
Aid with unconscious vote.

Fully I'd know thee reconciled,
From sin's offending stain :
And still hath pride my lips beguiled
Unmeet excuse to feign :
I do not stoop as little child,
Entrance to heaven to gain.

I speak the words of faith and trust,
In time of sunny gleam ;
Then, when the tempest brings its gust,
I fear to face the stream :

Away my ready prop I thrust,
When most the maimed I seem.

I call my life a pilgrim's way,
Which no delay will brook :
Then for each trifle pause or stray,
With vacant throng to look :
I start when signs of closing day
Fall, as with last rebuke.

Thou bidd'st me, Lord, with earnest aim,
Thy gospel's cause adorn ;
But mine, alas, too oft the blame,
That Christ is brought to scorn :
Ofttimes it shames the day to name,
On which I felt new-born.

I view myself in gospel glass ;
And straight the view forget ;
Now I in toil all else surpass,
Now shun to cast the net :
I store in heaven a treasure's mass,
Then sink to hopeless debt.

Christ, as my bright example set,
I own in creed and talk ;
Yet, in life's actual path, forget
My course by his to chalk :
Least is the friend most vaunted met,
In steps of daily walk.

O Saviour, all thy life throughout,
One constant course was thine ;
Still was unbent, by dread or doubt,
The straightness of thy line :
Thou putt'st the tempter's throng to rout,
By calm of will divine.

Form in me, Lord, thy steadfast mind :
Thy lowly boldness bring :
Give to me, when to good inclined.
The strength to good to cling :
Make me, on straight plain path assigned,
E'en as I go to sing.

Cause, Lord, that life's long varying day
Grow into settled sky ;
And fears for morning's path allay,
By one bright gleam on high ;
Heaven in its calm fixed course display ;
So make content to die.

Elijah's Journey.

A Sacramental Poem.

I SEEK an height in onward space,
Tow'rds which, with weary steps, I plod ;
Elijah sought of old the place,—
The Mount of God.

Yet 'tis not Horeb's fiery brow,
With quaking earth, and rending storm ;
To gain a loftier mount is now
The thought I form.

I seek an height this earth above,
Where nought that meets but bids rejoice ;
And all is told, of power or love,
In still small voice.

Oft, when I view the destined way
Far on the outstretched desert lie,
I, like Elijah, sink and say,
' Lord, let me die.'

Then, as of yore, thou send'st me, Lord,
Provision for the journey meet ;
Thou utterest, as thou spread'st the board,
' Arise, and eat.'

Before me is the prophet's bread ;
But therewith better cheer is mine ;
He had but water ; thou, instead,
Hast given me wine.

Too oft like him the food I've shared,
And sunk to dreamy slumber then ;
Thou call'st ; I wake ; and find prepared
The feast again.

Lord, I will take, and sing, and eat,
Till feebleness and fear be gone ;
Then, in the strength of that blest meat,
 Will journey on.

God is Love.

GOD is Love : we need not fear
 All unloved to linger here :
Ne'er a heart that yearns for love,
But hath stores in heart above.

God is Love : the proof he gave
In his act e'en foes to save :
Who, that foes the doom might shun,
Doomed to death an only Son.

God is Love : his gospel brings
Message full of kindest things :
E'en the messenger is fit :
Christ came down to tell of it.

God is Love : his gifts surpass
Richest friend's, of largest mass ;
If thou Christ hast placed in store,
Love itself can give no more.

God is Love : the Father's heart
Waits not shame's completed part ;

If but turn the wandering feet,
All the way he goes to meet.

God is Love : a feast he spreads,
E'en for worst who homeward treads ;
Love hath music in the sound,
'Now the long-lost son is found.'

God is Love : in love he speaks
E'en the truth which pales the cheeks ;
All the ills, through life endured,
Love declare, by woe assured.

God is Love : we need not fear
Judgment's hour, when most 'tis near ;
Love's redeemed by love are known :
Love will home conduct its own.

Cranmer and Knox.

THE island was of God designed
For kingdom to his Son ;
But different both in rule and mind,
Not yet its parts were one :
And so, by men of different kind,
The work of God was done.

Its southern half was 'neath the sway
Of tyrant proud and coarse ;

Whose will would yea convert to nay,
And union to divorce :
And God's apostle won the day
By meekness, not by force.

He bent the tyrant by the might
Of holy, humble frame ;
He led him gently to the right,
Through selfishness of aim ;
And gave the realm a wakening light,
From monarch's angry flame.

For learning famed 'mid learning's throng,
By love so warm possessed,
Men said that those who did him wrong
Would thrive with him the best,
He changed the creed, but saved the song,
And kept, as he redressed.

And so he left the Church to stand,
Like old cathedral spared ;
With altar rich, and anthem grand,
And gospel truth declared ;
For God a palace in the land ;
For poor a fold prepared.

The truth, in Scotland's boisterous prime,
Broke as through storm the sun ;

A man was wanted for the time,
Strong with the time to run ;
Bold 'gainst opposing hosts to climb,
And fear the face of none.

God gave the man ; and gave him trained
In God's appointed way ;
By silence years of prayer maintained,
And work which knew not play ;
And nerve, in hardening exile gained,
To clear an old decay.

He came, and from the pulpit flashed
Words with a tempest's sweep ;
The tainted temples down he dashed,
In whiteness of the deep ;
And vice with fearless truth he lashed,
Although a queen might weep.

And so, from shattered shrines, he raised
A Church upon the heath ;
Where God, in accents rude, was praised,
And faith was free to breathe ;
And walls are rough, but undebased ;
And martyrs' graves beneath.

Scorn not the work of either hand,
Lest, in thy rashness blind,

Thou mock'st what God before had planned,
To form a nation's mind.
Strangely in each, at his command,
Death was with life combined.

The gentle primate went not hence,
In peace like what he shed ;
The martyr to a finer sense,
He sank beneath the dread ;
Then nobler courage gathering thence,
Embraced his fiery bed.

The preacher, who a world defied,
Fell not amid the fight ;
On peaceful couch he prayed, and died,
And bade a calm good-night ;
And men in snow-white shroud descried
The pureness of his might.

Christ's Welcome.

THERE lies, in Holy Writ,
A passage, reckoned fit
To cheer the soul by duty's toils encumbered ;
Yet hath the gracious text
My heart at times perplexed,
With fears which, for the while, my hopes out-
numbered.

'Tis where the Saviour showed
 How, in a blest abode,
 God's chosen are received, with welcome fervent ;
 Accosted is each one
 With this, ' Thou well hast done ;
 Enter thy Lord's own joy, O faithful servant.'

I read the words and sigh :
 And say, Oh how can I
 Expect such welcome e'er to me extended ?
 With heart so faithless still,
 And duty done so ill,
 Ne'er may that title with my name be blended.

How can I ever tell
 Of talents managed well :
 Or usury to him that lent them render ?
 Mine I have thrown away ;
 My debt I cannot pay ;
 Nor e'en one well-kept grace to Christ can tender.

Thus of myself I think ;
 And down despondent sink ;
 Fears, which faith cannot quell, in throngs assail
 me :
 These words, ' Thou well hast done,'
 Ne'er can by me be won :
 Oh, ne'er will Christ his faithful servant hail me.

Then in my plaint I pause ;
And some blest influence draws
My heart, by gentle steps, from forth its sad-
ness ;
Perchance some spirit, come
From that celestial home,
Whispers his own first fears, and final gladness.

Is not an earthly friend
(Thus say I) wont to send
Fond praise to acts, of worth by us unheeded ?
Oft hath a master's tongue
Kind commendations flung,
Where the poor servant's will his deed exceeded.

May not, in such sweet mode,
My Lord, with smile bestowed,
Praise the endeavour, e'en where much it halteth ?
And give the approving name,
Which none of right can claim,
Through love, which every service done exalteth ?

The saints, to bliss received,
Only, 'tis said, achieved
In a few things a faithfulness unbroken ;
Yet e'en to these, we read,
The Master gave the meed
Of many honours, in the welcome spoken.

And, if still weak and dark
 I feel to reach their mark,
 I think on One, who all my task surmounted :
 And how, from death to save,
 Freely to me he gave
 Each holy act, to be as mine accounted.

Therefore, my fainting hope
 Can yet discover scope
 For trust that not e'en I shall be rejected ;
 And that the grace I seek
 Will still the welcome speak,
 Where all I bring is but that grace reflected.

Aid me, Lord, ere I die,
 At least to aim so high,
 That, though my flagging wing be oft descending,
 Still I may rise so much,
 Thine outstretched hand I touch,
 And wing with thee my flight to joy unending.

Incense.

WHEN to thy holy place thou go'st,
 And mak'st thine offering there,
 Count not to find all clear disclosed
 The God who hears the prayer.

E'en when he comes most surely down,
Thy cry with help to meet,
A cloud may darken, like a frown,
And hide the mercy-seat.

The high priest, who most close adored
A presence felt divine,
So by command his incense poured,
As shrouded all the shrine.

Thy worship like the incense rise,
Of faith both type and test ;
And show, 'midst all which sight defies,
A present God confessed.

Charity.

I CORINTHIANS XIII.

SPARE not thy gold, when in the treasury throwing
Thy purposed alms ;
But think not large bestowing
The act embalms.

Thou mayst give all thou hast, yet nought of love
Lie in the gift, to win thee wealth above.

Go to the stake, with all a martyr's boldness,
Should Christ require ;
But see there is no coldness
Of heavenly fire.

Pride thou may'st feed, and spread o'er earth thy fame ;
 Yet love no wing afford, up from the flame.

Speak in such accents that the world believes it
 An angel's song :
 But whoso thus conceives it,
 May far be wrong ;
 The tones of love may tinkle in the ear ;
 Yet all be hollow in the shining sphere.

Faith thou may'st have, which might remove e'en
 mountains,
 By strength of hold ;
 Yet in the heart the fountains
 Of love be cold.
 True love, whilst amply stored within the core,
 Wells up from self, and on its kind runs o'er.

Thou may'st have knowledge, clear all mysteries
 making,
 To others dark ;
 Yet mayst be still mistaking
 A near-hand mark.
 If on thy heart no teaching love impose,
 Something thou know'st not, which yon infant knows.

Give not to charity a name which stints it
 To outward deeds ;
 A higher grace imprints it
 On inward seeds.

Love there may be, warm as in angel's breast,
Like angel's, ne'er to sight or ear expressed.

Vainly thou boast'st of charity, if grudging
Thy neighbour's weal ;
Thyself a giver judging,
When prompt to steal.

Envy withholds the pettiest bounty known,—
To give in heart thy brother all his own.

Thou hast not charity, when thou despisest
Thy fellow clay ;
Or o'er thy neighbour risest
With proud display.

Who vaunts himself, to others gives a wound ;
And hearts are by discordant height untuned.

If thou hast charity, thou wilt have kindness
With patience knit ;
And keep a purposed blindness
Slight faults to hit.

Thou wilt be slow to seize thy rightful pelf ;
And glad for truth, e'en though truth sinks thyself.

True charity with faith is born and liveth ;
By hope is strong ;
And whilst it wrong forgiveth,
Looks not for wrong.

Love 'gainst all adverse reason still believes ;
And hopes the best, and so the best achieves.

Here we as children think, and act, and wonder,
 In narrowed range ;
 From childish things to sunder
 Needs the last change.
 Hence faith is weak, nor hope afar can see ;
 And childlike love is greatest of the three.

Look for the manhood which perfection bringeth,
 In clearer light ;
 And nurse the love which wingeth
 A heavenward flight.
 Useless earth's knowledge, and earth's tongues above ;
 But earth to heaven sendeth eternal love.

Grace and Peace.

I ASK for grace ; I ask for peace ;
 Yet more the first than last ;
 For grace will grow, where joy may cease ;
 And peace may come too fast.

I know that, when for grace I pray,
 I ne'er can pray amiss :
 But God may find some better way
 For me than lies through bliss.

Grace is the needful food and fire,
 From threatening death to free ;

Peace is the wealth, of just desire,
Oft reached across the sea.

Give, O my God, the grace which saves
From doom, with no delay :
Then give the peace poor nature craves,
In thine own time and way.

Mary Magdalene.

WHY doth tradition, by the sin abhorred
In woman most, picture thy bosom riven ?
Is it that one, who loved so much her Lord,
Must have had much forgiven ?

Seven demons held thee ; Scripture speaks it so :
Yet if 'twere sin or suffering, leaves in doubt :
No matter : all which caused thee shame or woe,
Was by thy Lord cast out.

Constant to him that healed thee, still thou kept'st
Beside thy master's path, where'er it led ;
Gav'st him thy substance, and like woman wept'st,
Beneath the kindness shed.

Yet true to woman's part, when men forsook
The Lord with whom they vowed to die before,
Thou at the Cross, with fixed and patient look,
Stood'st until all was o'er.

Thou hoveredst near, when, to the rich man's tomb,
Thy Lord they bare, and saw'st where Jesus lay ;
Then with thy balms, in morning's twilight gloom,
Wast first to take thy way.

Others came thither ; but when these returned,
Thou lingeredst still, with hope that would not go :
Thy heart to find the missing Saviour burned,
Though where thou didst not know.

A rich reward thy faithful love received,
Thou first to meet the Lord from forth his prison ;
First to proclaim, though none for joy believed,
Tidings that Christ was risen.

Thy tearful eyes discerned not Christ awhile ;
Nought save another foe thou there descriedst ;
'Mary,' he said ; thou turn'dst and knew'st the smile ;
And 'Master,' thou repliedst.

Brief were the words and simple, yet contained
Exchange of love, beyond apostle's pen ;
Thine was a risen Saviour, though restrained
Thy close approach was then.

E'en such an interchange of word and tone
Fitly might greet thee to a brighter sphere ;
In Eden meeting Christ, but not unknown,
As in the garden here.

All Things Well.

‘ **H**E hath done all things well ;
 Say ever this, my soul ;
E’en though thou canst not tell
 The purport of the whole.

He hath done all things well ;
 Still on some part was light ;
And more on grace to dwell
 Brought ever more to sight.

He hath done all things well :
 The care, the strife, the loss,
Were needful blows to quell
 The pride which spurned the Cross.

He hath done all things well ;
 I had not holy been,
Did not my ache compel
 To cry ‘ Unclean, unclean.’

He hath done all things well ;
 The way most long and dark,
I found all else excel,
 To speed me tow’rds the mark.

He hath done all things well ;
 The fears, by nature loathed,
 Brought but the anxious swell
 Of heart to Christ betrothed.

He hath done all things well :
 The sky he made so dim,
 Did but by threats impel
 To cling more close to him.

He hath done all things well ;
 The seed I sowed in tears,
 Through gleams which after fell,
 Now ripened fruit appears.

He hath done all things well ;
 Hence, in the days to run,
 My soul, thou may'st foretell,
 All things shall well be done.

Self-Denial.

SAVIOUR, thou bidd'st me take thy Cross,
 And follow in thy way ;
 But still each trivial care or loss
 Sends from thy path astray :
 I dread on threatening waves to toss,
 And keep the sheltering bay.

I speak the oft repeated vow,
My will to thine to bend :
Yet, though awhile it seem to bow,
'Tis traitor ere the end :
I seek my selfish aim, and thou
Dwell'st like forgotten friend.

I yield to fancy scope to brood
On joys which are not pure :
And habit, by its acts renewed,
I nurse, nor strive to cure :
I do not, as thy soldier good,
Hardness for badge endure.

My plans imply a monarch's hest,
More than a subject's heart ;
And self to please is still the zest
Sought in each chosen part :
Need of thy help is nought expressed,
But self in failure's smart.

E'en when in ways of right I speed,
Mine own the path must prove ;
The means my soul to guide or feed
Must keep my settled groove :
I seek not heaven as thou wouldst lead,
But self-directed move.

The breathings of a selfish will
Mix in each prayer I raise ;

And thoughts of self the accents fill
E'en of the holiest phrase ;
'Tis but my proper good or ill,
Which swells the stream of praise.

Help me, my God, through might divine,
To holier height to rise :
And teach, how self subdued is sign
Of greatness in thine eyes :
Still must thy people to thy shrine
Come with a sacrifice.

I must not, in a Father's home,
Ought but subjection show :
Nor seek beyond my bounds to roam,
Save when he bids me go :
I must not build a lofty dome,
With Christ no guest below.

I must not merely sense control,
But heart and thought restrain ;
And place a bondage on the soul,
Formed by a willing chain :
I must not, when God asks the whole,
One part for self retain.

O Saviour, who still sought'st the weal
Of others, not thine own,
Give me, with thee, the joy to feel,
Of self in love unknown :

Only, like thine, heaven-born is zeal,
When self hath left the throne.

Help me on thee my thoughts to set,
With such long steadfast gaze,
As makes me, in the view, forget
Self, and all selfish ways :
I need not bitter tears regret,
Where Christ the look conveys.

Grant that, in thy blest features scanned,
Mine I in part descry :
And lay a ne'er refused command,
By influence of thine eye :
I own thee best, when near I stand,
And self, not Christ, deny.

The Ark in the House.

THINE ark, O God, within thy shrine,
Gave of thy presence proof :
Yet dwelt a while, as truly thine,
Beneath a private roof.

Thine ancient shrine hath sunk to dust :
Grant, Lord, to every home,
Its ark to hold, in faith and trust,
Beneath or turf or dome.

Nought but thy Word the ark contain,
 With rod and manna by ;
 No zeal apply a touch profane ;
 No lore forbidden eye.

Close by the hearth the ark be found,
 Sign both of power and rest ;
 So be the house with blessings crowned,
 Because of God 'tis blessed.

The Holy Trinity.

WHILST I praise thee, Holy Trine,
 Give me grace, that line with line
 In thy unity may twine.

Thou mysterious art to sense ;
 Yet hath faith no faltering thence ;
 Mystery is God's residence.

Finite scans not infinite :
 All God's portraiture to hit
 Were to wake a doubt of it.

Ye, who ask how God in three
 Can exist, resolve to me,
 What God is in unity.

All enough, by scripture shown,
Three to be as several known,
Yet the while one God alone.

Faith believes what God declares ;
Holds the part of truth she shares ;
Waits whilst God the rest prepares.

Here the humble mind will scan
God revealed on fitting plan
Well to gain the heart of man.

We, with sin and doom in view,
Through a son a father sue,
Prompted by a spirit true.

In the doctrine wrapped we find
Mystery with mercy joined ;
Holiness for third combined.

God the Father speaks the law ;
God the Son relieves its awe ;
God the Spirit heals the flaw.

God the Father just remains ;
God the Son takes off the pains ;
God the Spirit wipes the stains.

Love hath what it needs to bind ;
Objects personal assigned ;
And a threefold cord entwined.

Truth divine ! to man unknown,
 Whilst he knew a Judge alone ;
 Told when Jesus sought the throne.

Gleaming from each gospel page,
 'Tis the Christian's heritage ;
 Bear it safe from age to age.

Earthly tribes, and heavenly host,
 Praise, when God ye praise the most,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Christ in the Temple.

WAS not this heart, O God, designed
 To form a temple, all thine own ;
 Where, dwelling as of old enshrined,
 Thou mak'st a ceaseless presence known ?

Thou 'dst have us from this altar send
 Prayers, which, like noiseless incense, rise :
 And grateful sacrifice to blend,
 Yielding to God what most we prize.

Ofttimes thy ways an influence bring,
 Darkening the temple like a cloud ;
 Thy mercies, like a choir to sing,
 Rush in and fill it in a crowd.

But ah, too much like that of yore,
Pollutions in the shrine abound ;
Established at the very core
The traffic of the world is found.

There 's buying, and there 's selling both,
In God's despite, or God's neglect ;
Such as made Jesus justly wroth,
And needed to be roughly checked.

No matter what maintains the mart ;
The money changed, or purchased doves ;
Alike the traffic stains the heart ;
'Tis worldly pelf, or earthly loves.

Oft is the shrine, to inward view,
No better than a den of thieves ;
Ill thoughts, which steal from God his due,
When none the secret theft perceives.

Take, Saviour, take thy scourge in hand,
How sore soe'er the blows may fall ;
The sins, which heard not thy command,
Let thine infliction chase them all.

My heart from all pollutions cleanse ;
And, entering with thy train the place,
Thy pardoning mercy, Lord, dispense ;
Diffuse thy sanctifying grace.

There, as within the temple purged,
 All suffering by thy word be healed ;
 Thy teaching by thy love be urged ;
 Thy presence by thy power revealed.

Christ's Flock.

HOW dar'st thou, man, within thy class or sect
 The chosen of Jehovah to confine ?
 Well art thou by the words of Jesus checked ;
 Read, and revolve, the line :
 Christ, whilst his eyes his much-loved few behold,
 Saith, ' Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold.'

Thou may'st, like Christ, thine own surrounding band
 Hold as most blest, and most of grace receiving ;
 Yet some, not reckoned Christ's, were in the land,
 In Christ as much believing :
 He, who by faith could Christ with wonder strike,
 Was not of Israel named, yet had not there his like.

God, on the height, from which on truth he looks,
 Thy slight distinctions views with different eyes ;
 Streams, wide to thee, he traceth up as brooks,
 Which from near sources rise :
 The fences, which to us our all contain,
 God sees to mark the fields of one wide-spread domain.

Strangely he errs from God's all-circling plan,
Who grace to his own lineaments would stint :
God's will is on each several form of man
His likeness to imprint.
Flowers, for the Saviour's garland borne on high,
Must not be all the same, but twined of various dye.

The faults, which thou in others see'st, and chid'st,
Ofttimes are nought but nature's varying tone.
Think of the sins thyself in secret hid'st,
Yet art for Christian known.
All different tempers, found in nature's hoard,
God's Spirit takes, and fits for armour to the Lord.

Keep, Lord, thy flock, where'er the fold may lie,
In which the night they spend, and wait the day :
Pasture provide them, quiet waters nigh ;
Seek, Lord, the sheep that stray :
Till all are gathered, in thy book enrolled ;
And, one the shepherd, one at last shall be the fold.

The Sacrifice Spared.

LORD, thou at times compell'st to weep,
For woe well nigh as sore,
As his, who, up Moriah's steep,
The child of promise bore.

Thou call'st us not to lift the knife,
'Gainst loved one at our side ;
Yet giv'st to see the young sweet life
Ebb by as sure a tide.

Aid us to yield as full a will,
To blow as sharp to bruise :
And calm to climb the rough dark hill,
With one we soon must lose.

Faith hath oft grace in ancient wise,
By will esteemed as act :
The freely yielded sacrifice,
Lord, thou may'st not exact.

Morning.

EACH morning, as to light I wake,
I raise, my God, a thought to thee ;
Thereby my daily part to make
Of upward buoyancy.

I feel like one fresh-born, who gains
From thee an opening life anew ;
And pledge as if youth's strength and pains,
To life's grand service true.

I hear as 'twere Christ's words addressed,
Breaking the palsy of the soul ;
I rise and walk at duty's hest,
 Like one by Christ made whole.

I see thee, Lord, with opening eyes,
And bless thee for the light bestowed :
I spring from sleep like one who hies
 To share thy onward road.

I cast myself upon thy care,
As wise and good beyond my scope :
By calmness for success prepare ;
 And for defeat by hope.

I look upon a world of sin,
Like storm from casement, ere I face :
I may not stay the house within ;
 But wrap me all in grace.

I go into the war of life,
As where in battle all must die :
I vow a generous, kindly strife ;
 And mourned by some to lie.

I go, with prayer put on for mail ;
Armour alike 'gainst smile and frown :
I take my place, to win or fail,
 Steadfast till day goes down.

Evening.

EACH evening, as I sink to rest,
I raise, my God, a song to thee ;
Who grantest to this untuned breast
Sleep's gentle harmony.

Ever, as darkness, round my bed,
Extends its calm, the lamp gone out,
I pray as calm to lay my head,
With death's dark void about.

I yield me up into thy hands,
With trusting faith, and tranquil view,
As, when I reach life's latest sands,
I'd seek in death to do.

I count, like beggar at thy gate,
The petty joys the day hath brought ;
And all my lack of thankful state
Make up, by one long thought.

Careful to cleanse each daily blot,
By pardon won on bended knee,
I feel 'tis life's accomplished lot
To sleep at peace with thee.

I ask thee to make pure my dreams,
Lest, when in dreamland far I stray,

I wake, and feel like one who seems
Off from the heavenward way.

I bless thee for a day gone past ;
A shortening of life's sins and sighs ;
And, with the words encountered last
In Scripture, close mine eyes.

I close them like a wearied slave,
With freedom in the morning given :
I sleep like one in peaceful grave,
Till woke by light from heaven.

Not Lost but Gone.

I WOULD not speak of thee as lost :
The word would ill express
The thought which hath such anguish cost,
In gloom of my distress :
To know as mine, was throe which crossed,
Yet not as mine possess.

Death hath been powerless to undo
The bond which drew so near :
Thy virtues hold me all as true ;
Thy truth as much is dear :
But love is yearning for the view,
Which ne'er will feed it here.

'Twas grief, e'en when thou went'st away,
On quickly past employ :
But love could count a coming day,
And picture all its joy :
'Tis absence now, without a ray ;
And gulf, with nought to buoy.

I waste my thoughts, in duty's time,
On years together spent :
The sweet bright dawning of the prime ;
The noon of calm content.
Almost I deem tow'rds thee a crime
Joy for a moment lent.

Oh sinful thought, I cry anon,
Which grudgeth thee to God :
Thou on thy Master's work art gone,
On path before me trod :
I sit, and wayside wearyings con,
When I should after plod.

Thou art not lost ; at times I think
Again to hold thee nigh,
With whispered counsel not to sink,
And thoughts which lift on high :
I call thy name ; and on the brink
Seem of thine old reply.

Not lost ! not lost ! with self-rebuke,
I still the words maintain :

Like one, for missing gem to look,
Ranging each room in vain ;
Yet sure that in some unknown nook
Safe 'twill be found remain.

It should be joy to deem thee sped
From this poor world of care ;
Yet would I bring thee back instead,
Because myself am there :
I fain would rouse thee from thy bed,
Not for thy side prepare.

Oh sinful heart, and selfish aim,
And prompt e'en self to wrong,
Which like to mine thy course would frame,
And check thy rising song :
To give thee back earth's sin and shame
Would but my own prolong.

Once from thy love I gained the praise.
Tow'rds good to train thy mind ;
I must not meet thy purer gaze
As one from right declined :
I would not from thy heart erase
The thoughts to me too kind.

Thou as mine upward aim art placed,
To make less felt my load ;
And, by thy footsteps, fondly traced,
Guide to one blest abode :

Love hath to loved one quickened haste,
Viewed on the onward road.

Thou walk'st with Christ on sunny way,
Seen as in break above ;

And I, on glimpse of distant ray,
Rise as on wing of dove.

The picture of a coming day
Still is the stay of love.

Onward.

ONWARD through all to thee !
This be, O God, the thought,
Still like a standard brought ;
So rousing up, that nought
Fear I, or flee.

Mists my perceptions dim ;
But, on the darkest day,
Christ casts enough of ray,
Certain to make the way
Leading to him.

Fears are in duty's view ;
But when of thee I think,
Lord, on the farther brink,
Bidding me not to shrink,
Straight I go through.

Cares are a crowding throng ;
But when, beyond the press,
Thou 'rt heard the call address,
I break through strife and stress,
And raise my song.

Sins on my path impede ;
But when, from devious track,
Thy grace conducts me back,
Haste to make up my lack
Quickens my speed.

Fast be my steps or slow,
Still through earth's clogging mire,
Thickets, and plains on fire,
Ruins of crushed desire,
Onward I go :

On, both by staff and rod ;
On, through the cheerful light ;
On, through the gloomy night ;
Onward, with faith for sight,
Onward to God.

The Communion Sunday.

WHERE have I been to-day,
When from the world's wide way,
Some further space than is my wont retiring ?

I have up Calvary gone,
And with a crowd looked on,
To see God's Son upon his Cross expiring.

I felt, with throbbing heart,
As though I too had part
In those blest limbs to that sad tree affixing ;
Or, if not active seen,
Had yet all careless been,
In seeming union with his enemies mixing.

I felt that more my guilt,
Than theirs his blood who spilt,
A constant hatred all throughout declaring ;
Early as his descried,
My Lord I had denied,
Myself like one who knew not Jesus bearing

Like one I felt, who fled
From Christ when captive led,
By men with impious jeers his meekness scorning ;
And yet at last had wept,
And now returned, and kept
My watch beside his Cross, in silence mourning.

The sight I scarce could brook,
And raised a trembling look
To that marred cheek, which yet to anger grew not ;

When, on the yearning ear,
These words arose to cheer,
'Father, forgive him; what he did he knew not.'

My heart grew all at peace,
Feeling its fears to cease ;
Yet grieved that one so kind I e'er offended ;
So, in a changing frame,
With trust succeeding blame,
And love to both, I stayed, till all was ended.

With mute adoring gaze,
I marked each varying phase
Of that strange love, which had so much surmounted :
E'en till, the whole to crown,
There fell the final frown,
The weary steps of parting life I counted.

Ere I the scene forsook,
Into my hands I took
The broken body, from the Cross descending ;
I kissed the wounded side,
And with the crimson tide
I stained my lips, praise with affliction blending.

All at the last was o'er ;
I went, but with me bore
The Saviour slain, bright hopes my path illuming ;

My heart a tomb I made,
In which my Lord I laid,
With spices sweet the hard cold rock perfuming.

Anne Askew.

SHE heard the Saviour's word,
Which bade for him leave all ;
And like apostle stirred,
She followed at the call.

She bore love's sorest ache,—
To be of love forth cast ;
With Christ her way to take,
And reach the Cross at last.

She shrank not when she stood
Alone before her foes ;
And kept, 'midst loud and rude,
A settled heart's repose.

With subtle questions pressed,
Ensnared she would not be ;
She said she all confessed,
Which did with Christ agree.

She baffled priestly art,
Which good would turn to ill,
By woman's simple part,
And woman's bashful skill.

Yet flashing through the dark,
At times she gave reply,
Which turned on lettered clerk
The scoff of standers by.

A living Lord she claimed,
Set on a glorious throne ;
Not one whom priests had framed,
And made the bread a stone.

They stretched her on the rack ;
Yet not a sound there broke,
Save whisperings, when led back,
Of strength to bear the yoke.

They doomed her to the stake,
And fixed the hour at eve,
As if they dark could make
The light which she would leave.

She penned a prison strain,
Her farewell to rehearse,
In lines which I would fain
Make echo in this verse.

They found that, for the flame,
They must with thongs upbind,
Because her mangled frame
Matched not her willing mind.

Stout men were by her side,
Brought to the self-same doom ;
But manhood's strength and pride
Quailed in that hour of gloom.

Then, from her woman's heart,
Came words so high in cheer,
They woke the better part,
And freed, like her, from fear.

She scorned a word to say,
Which would her Lord deny ;
She came not to betray,
But with her Lord to die.

A shower fell as she slept,
And loud the thunder boomed ;
Men said the angels wept,
And God her slayers doomed.

The Triple Cord.

WORK—Watch—Wait ;
This is the triple cord,
Which, whate'er the course of thy changeful state,
Will a mooring well afford.

Work, for the day is short,
And it darkens before 'tis eve ;
Thou hast no time for delay or sport ;
Or a time that will make thee grieve.

Watch ; for the tempter lurks
To ensnare thee in every nook :
In thy kindest thoughts, in thy holiest works,
Thou must for a danger look.

Wait ; for a reckless haste,
To advance before thy God,
Will bring thee of strength and time a waste,
Ere the backward path be trod.

Work, but with watch close kept,
Lest the foe of a sudden surprise ;
For some, who had laboured well, have slept,
And perished ere oped their eyes.

Watch, with thy work pursued,
Not stopped, around thee to spy ;
'Tis when limbs unstrung, and relaxed, are viewed,
That the foe will to throw thee try.

Wait, and still labour on,
Though hope may have oft deceived ;
Cheated by gleams, thou wilt reach anon
The dawn still at hand believed.

Work, and thy Master trust,
 For the meed to thy labour given ;
 Watch, as an erring child of dust ;
 Wait, as an heir of heaven.

Work—Watch—Wait ;
 This is the triple cord,
 Which, whate'er the course of thy changeful state,
 Will a mooring well afford.

Martha and Mary.

TWO sisters, both of temper sweet,
 And both of guileless breast,
 Received, within their calm retreat,
 The Saviour for their guest.

The one, with bustling toil, essayed
 To spread so rich a board,
 As would to all make known she paid
 The honour due her Lord.

The other meekly kept her place,
 Low at the Saviour's feet,
 Prepared each look and tone of grace
 With humble joy to greet.

Jesus, who felt by both beloved,
Preferred not this to that ;
But smiled on Martha as she moved,
And Mary as she sat.

Nought from the Saviour's lips was framed
To chide or to distress,
Until the bustling sister blamed
The meek one's listlessness.

Then Jesus spake a mild rebuke,
Which went to Martha's heart ;
Telling that all the pains she took
Were not the better part.

For all, from which her cares arose,
Soon must away be riven ;
Whilst the blest place which Mary chose
Still would be hers in heaven.

Well may the tale a lesson bring
To those, so loudly prone
Contempt on every grace to fling,
Which differs from their own.

Too oft the Christian sisters feel
Against each other wroth ;
Whilst this condemns the other's zeal,
And that the other's sloth.

Yet each a holy influence draws,
 Although in different way ;
 Martha, to bustle in the cause ;
 Mary, to read and pray.

The Lord true love in both describes ;
 And owns both prayers and toils :
 In each a varied homage lies,
 On which the Saviour smiles.

'Tis only when each other's grace
 They censure, or deride,
 That Jesus shows a frowning face,
 Or interferes to chide.

The Lord will Provide.

JEHOVAH-JIREH.

THE Lord will provide ; I may look all around,
 Nor from man may enlargement or comfort be
 found ;

Yet my doubts and my fears into calmness subside,
 When in faith I can utter, ' The Lord will provide.'

I trace not the quarter from which will arrive
 The aid which will cause me to rise and to thrive ;
 But love may be certain, though 'tis not descried ;
 By way unexpected the Lord will provide.

I gaze on the dear ones who hang on me here,
And the future for these is oft clouded with fear ;
But I think of a Father, who close will abide :
For the seed of his chosen the Lord will provide.

I sink in the prospect of duty in store ;
I shrink from the load which oppressed me before :
But 'tis poor, and not rich, to whom help is supplied ;
And strength for the burden the Lord will provide.

I quail 'neath the sin which by conscience is shown,
And with nought in my hoards for the sin could atone ;
But I stand in the faith of the true one, who cried,
'The lamb for the offering the Lord will provide.'

I mourn for the deadness of guilt-stricken frame ;
I doubt not my Saviour, but fear that I shame :
I tremble to think of a Master denied ;
But the look which recalleth the Lord will provide.

I strive to advance in the holiness vowed ;
Yet pause with the slothful, and stray with the crowd ;
Of the point I would reach my best efforts are wide ;
But the grace which is triumph the Lord will provide.

I find earth's resources and welcomes to fail ;
I long to depart, and then dread the dark vale ;
But my Shepherd with rod and with staff is beside ;
And my comfort in dying the Lord will provide.

Arria.

THERE lived a Roman lady once,
Who knew the mortal hour was near ;
Yet shrank not from its stern advance,
Nor turned to hide a woman's tear.

With double force the blow was felt ;
For he whom most she loved was by ;
And in her soul the purpose dwelt
To teach that loved one how to die.

Not once her high resolve she changed ;
But, as she plucked, from forth her side,
The dagger her own hand had plunged,
'Poetus, it is not painful,' cried.

How strong the tale our heart to move,
E'en though the deed we deem not right ;
It speaks a victory of love,
Which walked according to its light.

But I can tell what far surmounts
All that in Arria's praise is read ;
Though but the memory it recounts
Of a meek Christian's dying bed.

It speaks of one, like Arria doomed
To cease, in fixed brief space, to live ;
Whilst, unlike Arria, round her bloomed
All which to life could sweetness give ;

Her years with summer's radiance crowned ;
Her fortune finding still increase ;
Her presence joy to all around ;
Her gentle heart with God at peace.

Her loved one was, like Arria's, nigh,
But with this different fate assigned,
He may not seek with her to fly,
But must remain to mourn behind.

Yet there, without one murmuring tone,
With sweet bright smile, and tearless eye,
And yet with all its sharpness known,
She met the wound which bade her die.

And so she to her loved one gave
A lesson, which like Arria's came,
How death's worst terrors she could brave,
And his might be a death the same.

If, from the pangs the loved one dared,
The heathen husband shrank not back,
Shall not the Christian be prepared
To follow in the holier track ?

The Roman lady's name is sent
In classic page to deathless fame ;
Although a dark cold way she went,
Whither we may not dare to name.

The Christian left her loved one's side,
 To deck a home of brighter bliss ;
 Yet unrecorded she hath died,
 Save by a verse so weak as this.

The Power of the World to Come.

THE future hath a power for good,
 E'en in this world of sense ;
 And hearts with high designs imbued
 Have present pureness thence :
 Fair objects, distantly pursued,
 A beauty round dispense.

There stands a world to come in view,
 As boon for faith's desire ;
 Yet stands it as the impulse too,
 Faith to right deeds to fire :
 All must to heavenly bent be true,
 Who to heaven's bliss aspire.

I feel the pressure of the thought
 Lying, like gentle hand :
 And straightway all my works are wrought
 After my God's command :
 I seem like one to confines brought,
 And speech, of Holy Land.

I bear, as round me hung, a charm,
From sin's attack to shield ;
The safeness of a prompt alarm
For sin's least spot revealed ;
I rush from foul thronged ways of harm,
As into fresh bright field.

I hold, in well-nursed hope within,
Cure for the ills without ;
And patient look for last of sin,
And sureness placed for doubt :
For spot, where free from crowd and din,
Love will speak clearly out.

I take not, 'mid earth's dying joys,
A mourner's garb or mien ;
Still in a bliss which nought destroys,
Is sorrow's comfort seen :
I bear my load with equal poise ;
And fast with face serene.

Death not so much is flight from earth,
As earth to heaven brought nigh :
Exchange of quick recurring dearth,
For never stayed supply :
The coldness of an empty hearth,
For home restored on high.

More is in hope of heaven comprised,
Than fair bright scene to view :

Close round the Lamb once sacrificed,
Are dear ones prized and true :
Seeking the things above with Christ,
I seek the persons too.

I picture, in my future bliss,
The once loved smiles retrieved ;
And feel a present power in this
To chase what love had grieved :
I fear of duty ought to miss,
Which love would see achieved.

Living by thought in world to come,
I place its inmates round ;
And commune, as of old, with some,
Walked with on hallowed ground :
Never to me one voice is dumb,
Which kept to virtue bound.

O Saviour, in that land of light,
Thou hold'st a kinsman's place ;
And thoughts to meet thee there excite
To make assured thy grace :
There lies a power all ill to blight
In hope to see thy face.

Cause, Lord, that more high thoughts abound,
Farther all fears may flee :
And make with nearing anthem's sound
Each answering tone agree :

The world to come, and world around,
All be one life with thee.

The Land Far Off.

I HAVE not reached the promised land ;
All I at most can do,
Is on a height to take my stand,
And gain a distant view.

God's prophet dared not cross the stream,
For blame of former sin ;
Then well may I the sunny gleam
Be doomed not yet to win.

Different in this I prove from him ;
He saw the whole domain :
To me, with vision faint and dim,
Only a part is plain.

Yet better far my destined lot,
Than God to Moses gave ;
I shall not rest in unknown spot,
Nor Moab hold my grave.

Long though I wander o'er the sand,
A blest bright morn will shine,
Which shows the Jordan close at hand,
And Canaan shortly mine.

Jordan shall crossed in safety be :
I my long wish shall gain :
The King shall in his beauty see ;
The far off land attain.

The Ark in Jordan.

THE Ark is in the Jordan's flood ;
And we are on the Jordan's shore :
And fear is in the curdled blood,
To dare a path untrod before.

Yet we must go, at his command,
Who led the lifelong desert through :
The waves will shrink on either hand ;
And Canaan's bloom is full in view.

Only one thought the soul can stay,
Guiding, as 'midst the storm the helm ;
The thought that Jesus leads the way,
And nought the Ark of God can whelm.

We raise a look of strength on high,
And boldly plunge in Jordan's tide :
And stones from Jordan's depths supply
An altar on the farther side.

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